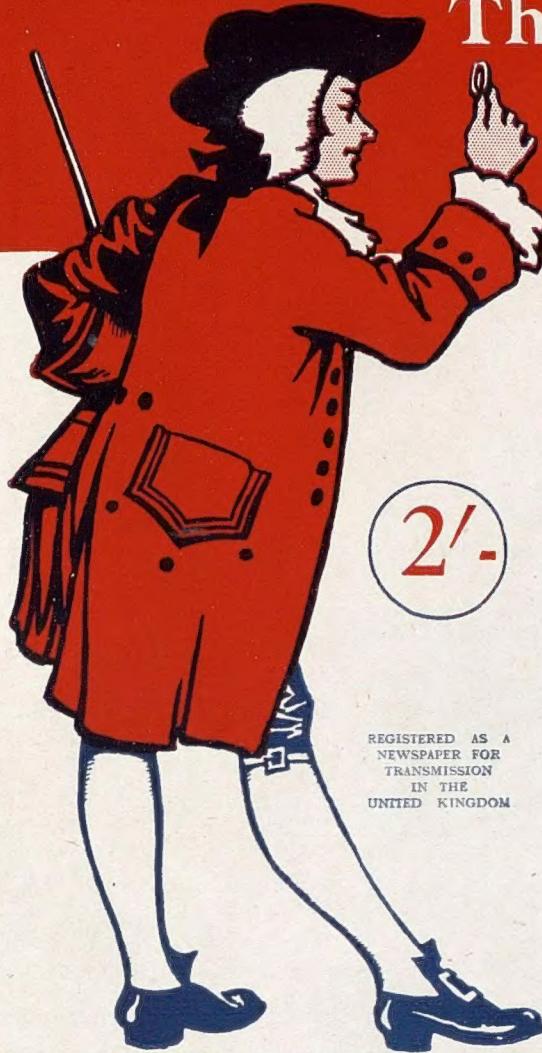


The TATLER

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No. 2434

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THE **TATLER** and BYSTANDER

LONDON
MARCH 3, 1948

Two Shillings
Vol. CLXXXVII. No. 2434



H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER

A recent portrait of the Duchess of Gloucester, who accompanied the Duke when he opened the new Dominion Parliament last month in Ceylon. The Duke and Duchess were given a great welcome and crowds gathered to cheer them everywhere, for the people remember that it was the Duke who restored the throne and crown of the kings of Ceylon to them on behalf of the late King George V in 1934. On their return journey the Duke and Duchess stayed overnight at Karachi, where they were guests of Mr. Jinnah



Some Portraits in Print

Being the lucubrations of your most obedient scribe, Mr. Gordon Beckles

WHAT fun these artists have! Hardly has London recovered from the shock of one new fashion imported from Paris before it is shaken by another irruption from that same city of light-hearted malice. "Debased and degenerate" . . . "staggering to cultured judgment" . . . "neither wit, craftsmanship nor meaning" . . . "a misshapen cow with a gaudy blue head bestriding the roofs of houses and suckling a purple calf" . . . I asked myself, were some of these pictures hung upside down?

When John Rothenstein told me a couple of months ago that his next show at the Tate Gallery was going to be devoted to the chimerical work of one Marc Chagall it was not difficult to prophesy that February would be enlivened by many a querulous letter prefixed: "To the Editor. Sir . . ."

My own view, of no value whatever, is that anything that stirs up controversy on painting is to be welcomed; and that if a picture looks better upside down—why not? African natives appear to find just as much pleasure in looking at a white man's illustrated magazine upside down as some of those who profess to find in Chagall's work a stimulating comment on the insanity of life to-day.

Wilde and Whistler

I FOUND myself walking down Tite Street in Chelsea at the height of one of these recent hullaballoos in "art circles." Around what axis "art circles" rotate to-day I would not care to guess, but there was a time not so distant when this somewhat sombre late Victorian thoroughfare held as much interest for artists as any in London.

Those three American boys, Whistler, Sargent and Edwin Abbey, all had studios here while it was at No. 16 that there was held that macabre, Hogarth-like auction of Oscar Wilde's books and pictures. Curious crowds over-ran the place and there were scenes of disorder and even looting. John Rothenstein's father bought a Monticelli for £8 on that day in 1895, but later sold it at a much higher price for Wilde's benefit. An original MS. poem by Keats went for thirty-eight bob, and a fine Whistler was knocked down for £6.

Whistler himself knew something of bankruptcy in Tite Street. It was here that he built his White House, with its white brick walls and green slate roof. And his bitter inscription after

disagreeing with the architect: "Except the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it. This house was built by Mr. ——."

He was at his flamboyant best in a crisis such as bankruptcy offered him, recruiting the bailiff's men as menservants and even pasting on the auctioneer's posters to his front door.

How Whistler might have enjoyed some of the recent brouhaahas! He was especially good on "experts." I have been re-reading a lecture he gave in the old St. James's Hall to a fashionable audience; he, of course, an immaculate figure in evening dress, white gloves and monocle.

"Careful in scrutiny are the experts," he said, "And conscientious of judgment, establishing with due weight unimportant reputations, discovering the picture by the stain on the back, testing the torso by the leg that is missing, speculating in much writing upon the great worth of bad work."

Romping in Soho

CHELSEA was not the Bohemian centre it later became when Whistler arrived in London, while St. John's Wood was only slowly abandoning its reputation as a district where pretty ladies had discreet little villas. Students and the more raffish artists still congregated around Charlotte Street and Fitzroy Square, which had known painters when Chelsea was a marshland to which one went for snipe-shooting. There are still a great number of old-established artists' colour men and frame-makers in the "upper Soho" district and as far south as Drury Lane.

Whistler took one large room for Jo—his mistress and model—in Newman Street. William de Morgan wrote an amusing account of this peculiar ménage during a tenant's occupancy: "In 1860 or '61 I occupied a first-floor front there, the back room being the den of a young artist who sang French songs all day. It was not his own studio, but a friend's. When this friend turned up, the noise and laughter . . . the suggestions of capsized furniture and chases round the room, well, they were what I have heard described as a caution! When the actual occupant was alone, he made no more noise than went with the singing of an enjoyable selection of French songs.

'Sieur de Framboisy' was a favourite. . . ."

The young man in possession was the grandfather of Miss Daphne Du Maurier, and author of *Trilby*; the visiting landlord was Whistler.

What a background for another Du Maurier novel!

To-day this district still attracts the raffish and the so-called Bloomsbury characters. It was not far from Newman Street that I once met a pathetic creature whom I was assured was both starving and a genius.

Both assurances proved true.

I did not catch his name at the time, but later learned that it was Modigliani.

Club Tip

TITE STREET's most distinguished resident to-day is Augustus John (who also has been a familiar figure in his time in the Modigliani district).

I suppose that if there is a centre of Chelsea artistic life it must be the Chelsea Arts Club, a long, long march from Tite Street. This club is above all distinguished in my mind by reason of the members' possession of latch-keys—surely a unique privilege. Its garden, too, is a lovely place on a summer's night, and its atmosphere of a rambling manor house is enviable.

It was not so long ago that, as a guest in this club, I heard an echo of St. John's Wood, once so coveted a region by late Victorian and early Edwardian painters and sculptors. Now its most distinguished resident (in the artistic, not in the financial world), is possibly Sir William Reid Dick, from whose studio, off Maida Vale, has come George V and now, Franklin D. Roosevelt.

"Mark my words," said my Chelsea host, "I knew Modigliani when you could buy his heads for a quid and a double brandy, and Van Goghs for a thousand francs a time. But what have you seen of Alma-Tademas lately? Mark my words, the dealers have been buying them up quietly for a fiver, getting ready to spring the market."

Sir Laurens Alma-Tadema was apt to paint exceedingly small canvases in a fantastically large Byzantine-Edwardian studio in St. John's Wood.

"The trend to return to the past cannot always be confined to women's dress, play revivals and reprints of the older authors. Mark my words, any month now you will be reading that an Alma-Tadema, from the



collection of the Duke of Something, will have exchanged hands at five hundred guineas. Then the boom will start." It is possible that my host was suffering from an attack of Chagall-ish dyspepsia.

Fifth Column

ONE more story I heard when in Chelsea, which amused me a great deal. A famous art dealer in New York made himself the patron of all the local Jeeves and other superior menservants in the Newport, Westchester, and other superior districts of Long Island. He found them perfect salesmen for his canvases.

The technique was first to lend the picture to a prospective customer, and then to leave it to Jeeves: "I beg your pardon, Mr. Beeheimer, I didn't realize you were at home, sir. I was just admiring this beautiful—shall I say temporary guest of ours, sir?—and recalling the day that His Grace sat for the first time, while the Honourable Reginald was out at the butts with His Majesty. . . ."

It was apparently superb salesmanship.

Table Masterpieces

PARIS still can afford to make fun of English painters who tag after Manet, Renoir, Picasso *et al.* Yet I constantly resent the French assumption that food in this country gives us a chance to display the barbarism which every good Frenchman still thinks the Briton to have at heart when it comes to eating.

I challenge Paris to produce an English breakfast (porridge with brown sugar, English bacon and eggs, marmalade and toast), which is a meal that the French conveniently ignore. Or a good English tea (with crumpets or muffins, even to-day). The fact that I eat little breakfast, and less tea, is beside my point.

Deep apple tart, treacle tart, good biscuits, good English jam. . . .

Where we fail is in not knowing how to cook meats and vegetables; or perhaps where we failed, it would be better to say, and I think that the greater part of the odium which we incurred in the years between 1815 and 1939, can be laid to the blame of our inns, hostellries, railway hotels and restaurants, monopolized since 1914 by Italian owners, the Italians knowing less about cooking than one might wish in a nation otherwise so rich in the other arts—including painting.

By the way, when Chagall was shocking or pleasing at the Tate, an exhibition of Turner was being held in the Orangery of the Tuileries, in Paris—the first adequate show of Turner's work ever to be held in France.

I gather from the couple of notices I have read that it was suitably appreciated. The average Frenchman, however, remains firm in the conviction that painting is an art unknown to the barbarians on this side of the Channel.

Martin Misses the Bus

ABIOGRAPHY of one of Turner's contemporaries, John Martin, has just been published. Martin was a Victorian eccentric of the richest vintage, and painted vast canvases reminiscent, in reproduction, of Gustave Doré. His masterpiece, "The Fall of Babylon," measured five feet by eight. It fetched £2 2s. at Christie's just before the war. Had he been born a century later he might have called himself John O. Martin and rivalled Cecil B. De Mille in the opulence of his conception.

He died poor and discouraged—a fate not often experienced by those who conceive pictures for the cinema screen. Although some have known changes of fortune: where to-day is David W. Griffith, who made *The Birth of a Nation*?

Words Without Songs

MARCH

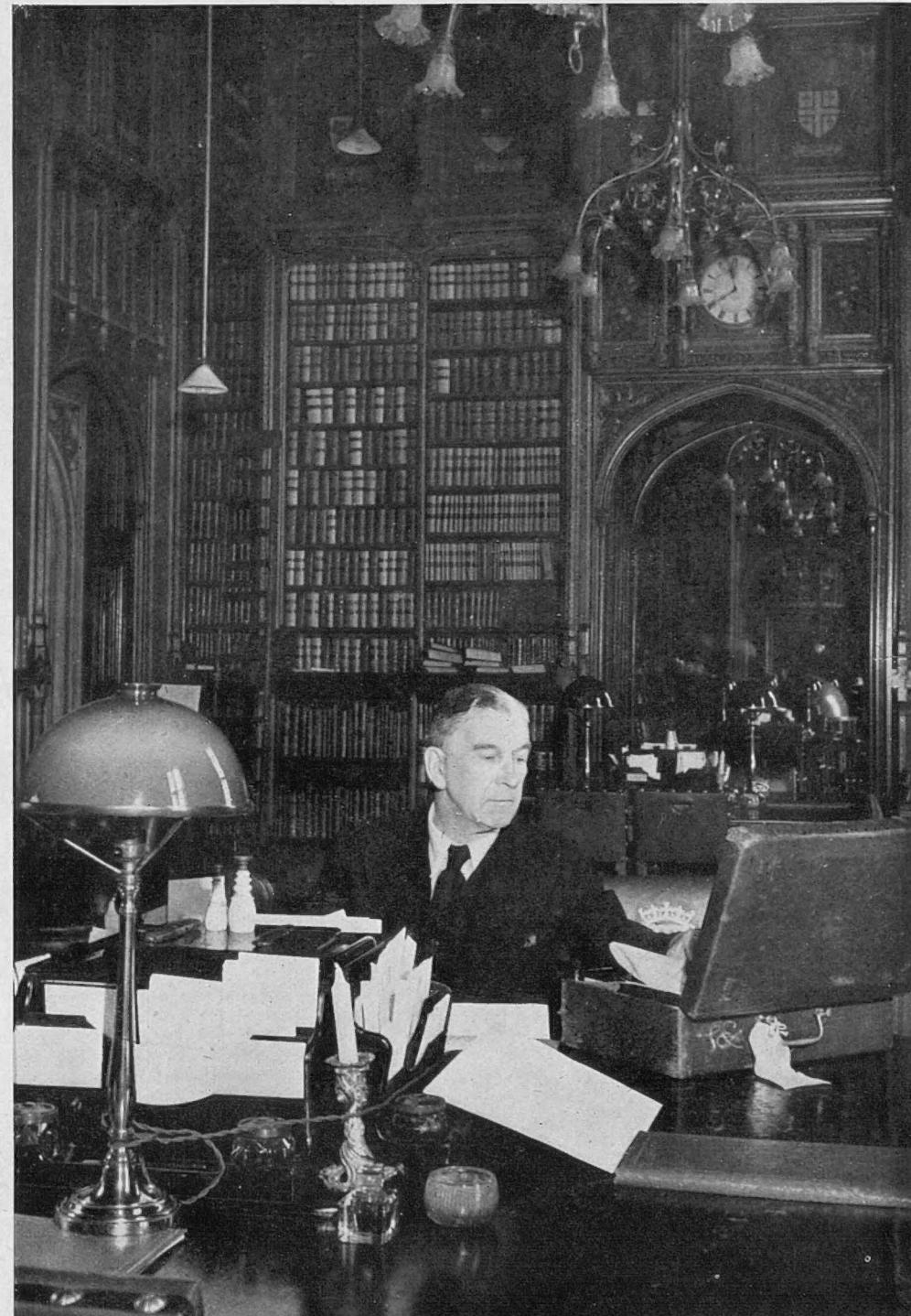
In February, March is prox.,
In April it is ult.,
Having the vernal equinox
As a direct result.

In March, however, March is inst.,
Combined with the March Hare
This brings about, I am convinced,
The Ides, of which beware.

Further, inst. has a quarter-day
On which one owes the rent;
No matter what the Church may say
That is the cause of Lent.

March, once, was when the year began—
March One was New Year's Day;
Then Gregory clocked it back to Jan.
Losing me three months' pay.
That's all I have to say.

—Justin Richardson



LORD WINSTER,

Governor of Cyprus, in the House of Lords library. Formerly Lieut-Commander Fletcher, R.N., Lord Winster first entered Parliament as Labour M.P. for Basingstoke in 1923, and again at the 1935 election, sitting for Nuneaton until he was created a baron in 1942. He was Minister of Civil Aviation from July 1945 until his present appointment, made in 1946, and has written important books on air defence. His country home is at Crowborough, Sussex



RAM GOPAL and his company of Indian dancers are now playing at the Saville Theatre. Ram Gopal is introducing nine new dances in this London season and is also performing, for the first time since 1939, the fabulous "Garuda" (the Golden Eagle) dance. The costume for this dance, which he is seen wearing, is of pure gold, the material costing £80 a yard, while the complete costume is worth about £800. Dipali Nag, the celebrated Bengal chantress, is now a member of the company and is making her first appearance in this country. They were playing at the Theatre des Champs-Elysées in Paris before coming to England

The Gossip Backstage

by

Beaumont Kent

SHAKESPEARE's infrequently performed *Coriolanus* will be the next Old Vic production and it is due at the New Theatre towards the end of the month, when John Clements will appear in the title role. In the last Old Vic production in 1938 Laurence Olivier played Coriolanus and Sybil Thorndike was Volumnia.

The producer will be E. Martin Browne, who shortly becomes the director of the British Drama League in succession to Geoffrey Whitworth. Which reminds me that the Pilgrim Players who, under the direction of Martin Browne, have given the Mercury Theatre so many notable productions during the past two years, will end their tenancy after next week's revival of *The Playboy of the Western World*. The occupancy will then revert to its owner, Ashley Dukes. I understand that he intends to conduct the theatre with very much the same kind of policy and that the Pilgrim Players have hopes of finding another home.

WITH the production of *Tristan and Isolde* in which Kirsten Flagstad sang, Wagnerian glory returned to Covent Garden and everything indicates that this week's revival (in English) of *The Valkyries*, the first since pre-war days, will emphasize it. The house was sold out several weeks ago, and for the remaining Wagnerian performances in which Kirsten Flagstad will sing, very little bookable remains.

Other singers in *The Valkyries* include Arthur Carron, Edith Coates, Doris Doree, David Franklin and Hans Hotter, while Karl Rankl is conducting. Much of the success of the Wagnerian revival is due to Frederick Schramm, who came specially from the Stadt Theatre, Basle, to produce both operas. He has a Continental reputation as a producer of Wagner.

AFTER playing the piano by ear since he was five Hugh Sinclair, star of Noel Coward's *Present Laughter* at the Haymarket, has become a pupil under Benjamin Franklin at the famous Tobias Matthay school. Sinclair was given piano lessons as a child but after six months' tuition his teacher gave him up in despair. He is now making excellent progress and devotes nearly two hours a day to practice.

He is at the piano at the opening of the second act of *Present Laughter* and he tells me that he plays something different every night. He is interrupted by the telephone which is controlled by the stage manager. "If he doesn't like what I am playing," says Sinclair, "he will let me get only half-way through one tune."

In the early days of his career he gave up acting for two years to be Beatrice Lillie's accompanist on an American tour. His twelve-year-old son Duncan has just started to play—by ear.

AMONG the artists in Archie de Bear's revue *The King's Jesters* at the King's Theatre, Hammersmith, is Jasmine Dee, who can claim to be the only Persian actress in London. This dark and petite young lady, last seen in *School for Spinsters* at the Criterion, was born in Bombay where her father was the head of a shipping company. It was a native street dancer who gave her her first stage lessons, and when she came to England one of her first engagements was in *1066 and All That*.

Eddie Espinosa, who is also in the company, is

the grandson of the famous dancer and teacher, Espinosa. Picked out of a Worthing concert party he had his first West End chance in the short-lived *Romany Love* last year.

TWENTY-TWO years old Thelma Ruby who understudied Barbara Blair in *Four Hours to Kill* has been given a leading part in *Carissima*, due at the Palace next Wednesday, thanks to the excellent American accent she acquired as a wartime evacuee in the States. She plays the part of an American girl.

Another member of the cast is Dublin-born Canadian, Charles Farrell, who came to England in 1921. His first stage engagement here was in a sketch at the Coliseum under the management of Lee Ephraim. Now he comes under the same management again.

GLADYS COOPER's eighteen-year-old daughter, Sally, who recently came to England for stage experience, has taken over the part of Edward's young wife in *Edward, My Son* at the Lyric in succession to Elizabeth Melville. She is half-sister to Joan Buckmaster who is married to Robert Morley, author and principal star of this highly-successful play.

AMONG recent newcomers to the West End Michael Evans seems to me to give high promise of future success. He is the dark, good-looking young actor, very much resembling Rex Harrison, who plays Harry in *Mountain Air* at the Comedy. He is an old Wykehamist and is the son of Squadron Leader Evans, the England and Kent cricketer who wrote *Escaping Club*. He began training for the stage under Michel St. Denis, and after serving in the R.A.F. was spotted by a representative of Jack de Leon and the Daniel Mayer management while acting in rep. at Worthing.

Anthony Cookman and Tom Titt

At the Theatre

"Cockpit" (Playhouse)

MISS BRIDGET BOLAND sets out to tell us what the Displaced Persons left crawling about the cockpit of Europe after Hitler's defeat thought and felt about each other and about the British way of handling them and their problems.

This may not appear a very attractive prospectus to those with an evening to invest in entertainment. It rather suggests that the author has some ideological axe to grind, and that we may have to spend the evening next to someone heavily breathing approval of sentiments at which we are inclined to snort disapproval. But the really attractive thing about the play is the author's impartiality. She lets the characters look after their own ideologies and is herself concerned only with human values.

Certainly a grim comment on human nature is implied, but the facts as Miss Boland sees them are fairly and excitingly stated. For though she uses the technique of the documentary film, she succeeds in persuading us that, for once at any rate, the stage can take it.

THE play goes on all round us, an old device that works unobtrusively well on this occasion.

Our playhouse has become a disused provincial theatre in Germany. It is cluttered with refugees awaiting transport east and west, some bedded out on the stage guarding their few poor belongings as dogs guard bones, and the rest out of sight in what were the bars and foyers and passages and dressing rooms.

A British officer and sergeant arrive to sort them out, a routine job to which they have rule-of-thumb Army methods and easy, friendly manners. Easterners and westerners will be divided, and convoys number one, two, three and so forth will take them away in alphabetical order. The captain smilingly counts on their friendly co-operation.

A Polish professor of medicine is the first to protest that if he goes in the place prescribed for him he goes to torture and death. His protest releases a flood of protests as one brand of partisan spouts out his hatred of other brands, one kind of collaborator distinguishes himself from others, and the Russians, the Poles, the Polish Jews and the

Yugo-Slavs abound in their various inherited or acquired hates and fears. Each makes out a case for separate treatment, an impossible demand. But when the captain, with intent to soothe, smilingly points out the impossibility, the refugees, producing concealed arms, desperately combine in the interests of separate treatment; and captain and sergeant are at bay.

AT this moment the spectre of bubonic plague walks the scene. At once the refugees achieve an altogether different combination. They recognize that, whatever happens to them, the plague must be confined to the theatre; they disarm voluntarily; they set up an international police force to guard the doors; they carry out a fair distribution of what food is available; and when nerves are strained to their uttermost they stage an opera—a moving little scene which Miss Phyllis Mander as the singer, and Mr. Dudley Jones, as the German theatre manager with a single-minded passion for his beautiful theatre, carry off admirably.

No sooner has the common danger vanished than the Europeans are at each other's throats again. This time there is nothing to stay their hands. British leadership, so adequate when the cause was humanity in general, is utterly inadequate now that a dozen distinct, passionately held beliefs are moving hundreds of armed men in different directions. Theories, the captain confides to his sergeant, are all very well, they can be lightly held and argued: but beliefs are dangerous, they cannot be argued and they breed hatred and fear. But he and his sergeant are once again at bay; and all he can do, as he faces the murderous refugees, is to tell them that they have just proved that unity is at least possible.

M^R. MICHAEL MACOWAN has directed this difficult play with a superb sense of theatre, and the company led by Mr. Joseph O'Conor, the charmingly resilient captain, give a good all round performance. Mr. Arthur Hambling, the N.C.O., is a tower of strength, and Mr. Geoffrey Dunn, Miss Diana Graves, and Mr. Harry Locke are variously impressive.



Capt. Ridley (Joseph O'Conor) and Sgt. Barnes (Arthur Hambling) try their hands at sorting out the fragments of Europe's troubles. Among their problems are, above, an opera singer (Phyllis Mander) a stage manager (Dudley Jones) and a Polish Professor (Geoffrey Dunn). Facing them are still more worries in the shape of a French farmer (Marcel Ponein) and a Resistance girl (Diana Graves), who are getting plenty of assistance from Poles, Chetniks, Russians and an entire audience of displaced persons

Freya Bruce Lockhart

[Decorations by Hoffnung]

At The Pictures

That Old British Look

DOES it take a war to give British studios a New Look? Certainly since the end of the last war our films are resuming with alarming rapidity the main features of that old look which used to make British pictures such a moribund spectacle. I have never been able to decide whether it was the anaemic stories which made the stars appear so lifeless or vice versa.

For the past year or so British studios have relied on two main stories—one ancient, one modern—and, since James Mason's departure to the United States, two stars. When Stewart Granger and Margaret Lockwood are not personally available, their places may be taken, Mr. Granger's by Dennis Price or Dermot Walsh, Miss Lockwood's by Patricia Roc or Valerie Hobson.

The ancient story may range over the whole of the nineteenth century. It should be set in a (lath and plaster) stately home of England, but should preferably redress the balance democratically by marrying the hero to his housemaid or, at least, the family governess. The wardrobe includes an unlimited range of well-laundered open-necked gents' shirtings. The motive of the drama is most likely to be a family curse, witchcraft, a careless way with poison, or just picturesque gipsy manners; and there must be a trial-scene (this may be a common feature of both ancient and modern story forms).

THIS modern story is expected at least to reach contemporary history before its end, but may begin as many generations back as the director and author care to crowd in. It will be set in the Black Country, in the ugliest part of England (for export) and will deal with the career-story of one or more of the following citizens: doctor (he must never make his practice pay as does his unscrupulous rival), politician (*Fame is the Spur*), local industrialist (*The Master of Bankdam*), or both at once (*So Well Remembered*). The hero may fall among psychiatrists or other hazards by the way. There will be a right woman and a wrong woman in his life and he may or may not marry the right one first.

But, allowing for minor variations, the shape of the action will develop according to formula: youthful romance and idealism; the battle against disgraceful local conditions (political exploitation, bad sewage and so on); temptation; identification of the hero's private problem with some issue of the times (labour agitation, social services, or best of all for a spectacular climax, an unsafe mine or factory building). After the hero's triumph for public progress, the film will close on a domestic note with the right woman after all.

Both these formulae have long been threadbare, but the film companies display a touching faith and ingenious skill in mending and making do with the novels on the same themes stocking their library shelves. It is really time those shelves

were thoroughly spring-cleaned, for here are the studio favourites once more: the ancient at the Odeon, Leicester Square; the moderately modern at the Empire; both extensively refurbished, *Blanche Fury* with sumptuous trimmings, *My Brother Jonathan* more modestly with fresh faces and some honest feeling.

No need for fresh faces in *Blanche Fury*, for here is Mr. Granger in person as a proud but illegitimate descendant of the Furys, serving as steward to the family which has usurped his family name and estate. Mr. Granger is fortunate to have drawn Miss Hobson, who has some sense of style, as cousin Blanche, a poor relation who has things both ways by marrying the legal heir and bearing a son by the bastard.

This picture's only advantages over *Jassy* are superior production and ravishing outdoor colour photography. The stately home for once is real and exquisite—at least in the exterior shots of Wootton Lodge. Settings and costumes have genuine elegance. Above all, the soft grey-green of Derbyshire dales with waving grasses and wild flowers, gay paint of gipsy caravans, lucid skies from morning sun to midnight blue, and shining coats of horses as sleek and well mannered as Blanche herself; these have a grace and charm which most agreeably divert the eye if only the mind were not so disturbed by the goings-on of the two-legged characters.

After a holocaust which carries off in turn Blanche's husband and father-in-law (straight between the audience's eyes at point-blank range from Mr. Granger's firearm), her husband's child-heiress (goaded by the Wicked Cousin to jump her pony above

its station), Mr. Granger himself (by hanging) and finally Blanche (in childbirth), she leaves to the house of Fury an heir who will satisfy both the law and her lover's obsession, if no moral code. It leaves me with three questions: why do the works of Joseph Shearing, author by other names of some of our most full-blooded historical novels, seem to make such preposterous pictures? Why does the distinguished firm of Cineguild lavish its skill and taste on such a tuppenny coloured dreadful? And why must Mr. Granger, in jail, make his last request for a change of clothes when he knows as well as we that the film company always supplies the star with a trousseau for the trial scene?

COMPARED with the magnificence of *Blanche Fury*, *My Brother Jonathan* is penny plain indeed. But a core of sincerity and a freshness of characterization bring Francis Brett Young's story of a young doctor's professional and private struggles to intermittent life, in spite of the drab



shapelessness of its too familiar Midland mould. The film starts with the benefit of a brand-new face: that of Michael Denison, whose personality seems that of the intelligent, sensitive type of cultured Englishman, with a charming smile (which he must not be encouraged to overwork). Mr. Denison might become a spiritual successor to the late Leslie Howard (whose son, appearing in this picture as Jonathan's brother, still seems to have inherited little but his father's mannerisms).

Without any apparent attempt to appeal to the eye, the director (Harold French) shows a certain affection for his backgrounds. The country house cricket has a disarmingly nostalgic flavour of spacious grounds overlooked by massive trees. Similarly, the sets are not expensive realistic reproductions, but they do suggest exactly the various kinds of home in which Jonathan's parents, Dr. Hammond whose partner he becomes in the Midlands, or their working-class patients live.

CAREFUL casting creates the still rarer illusion that many of the crowd of characters have life outside the film, as Mary Clare and James Robertson Justice so abundantly have as Jonathan's conventionally eccentric parents. Mr. Justice has now scored three successes in three weeks, and his slightly florid personality is so ripely English that he must be in constant demand.

One major blot is the lumpen performance of Beatrice Campbell as the supposedly glamorous Edie who bedevils Jonathan's life until she conveniently and complacently dies giving birth to his brother's son. But Dulcie Gray as Doctor Hammond's daughter is the Right Woman standing by with hot tea after the most exhausting cases. Miss Gray's unique gift of suggesting the dignity and grace behind nice dullness is an ever-fresh source of wonder to me.

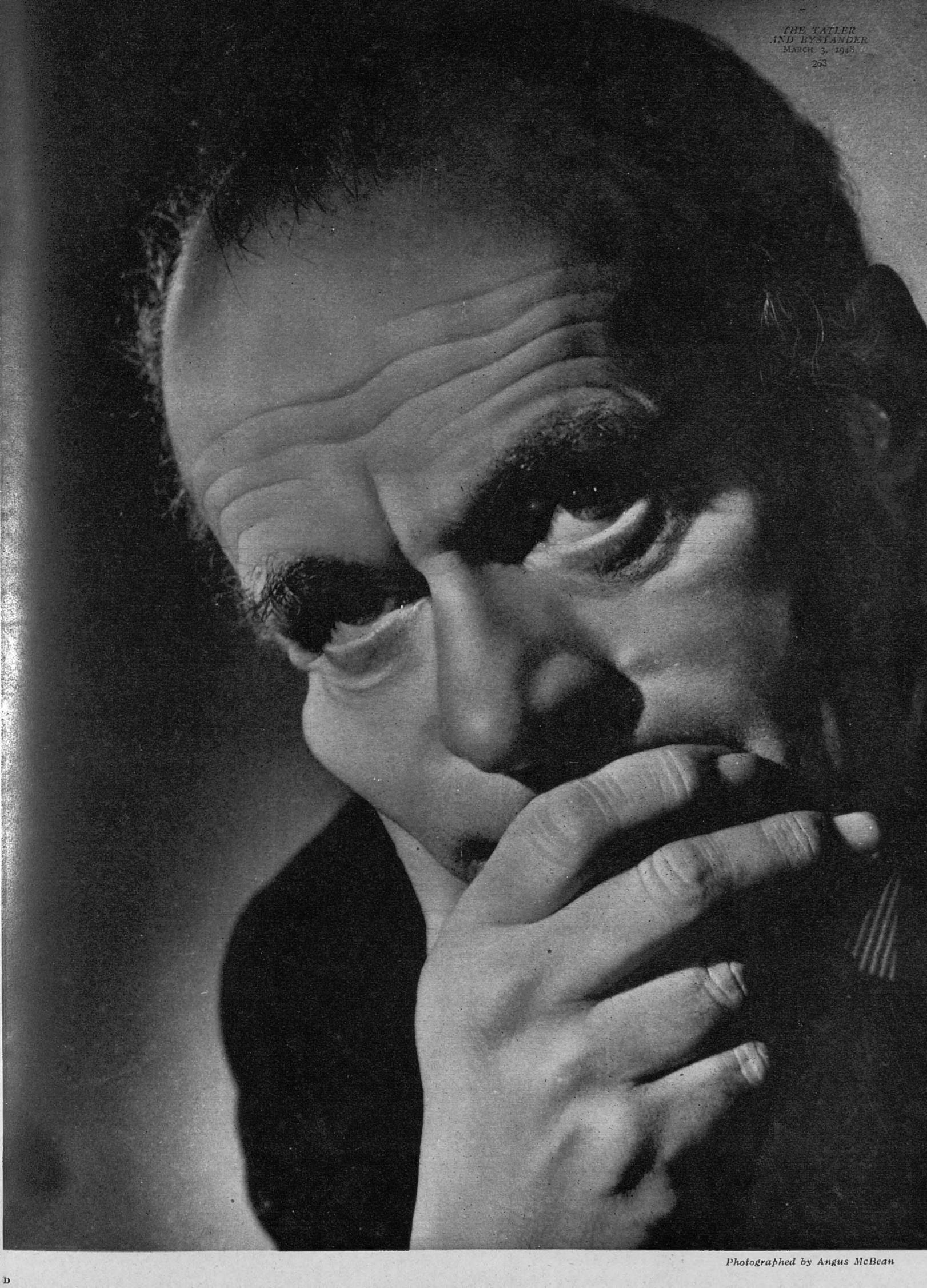
Every main turning the story will take is familiar—the tracheotomy, the feud with the rival rich doctor, the summons to appear before the Hospital Committee for unprofessional (though life-saving) behaviour—but Miss Gray's delicacy and Mr. Denison's charming sincerity keep us awake because unsure when a human feeling may catch at us.

ERROL FLYNN'S impassive features, flashing by on a galloping horse, all trussed up in costume—or muddied and bloodied in studio battle can always be ignored. In *Cry Wolf*, at the Warner, the same plaster perfection moving slowly, in plain lounge suit like an outfitter's dummy, through a would-be creepy atmospheric melodrama can only be endured by some such trick as imagining that Warners have had the bright idea of turning Mr. Flynn into a second Boris Karloff.

I felt sorry for Barbara Stanwyck, who is too quick-witted an actress to be subjected to this indignity.

D. B. WYNDHAM LEWIS

For something like twenty-five years D. B. Wyndham Lewis has been employing his pen as a Toledo blade against the clogged ranks of stupidity and pretension. For the past seven he has been delighting, particularly, readers of this journal with his page "Standing By. . . ." As that delight has grown so—in the manner of our age—has speculation concerning the originator of it. While this inquisitiveness was a murmur, it could be ignored. But now that it has increased to a clamour, notice must be taken and some attempt made, in spite of vigorous and constitutional opposition to personal publicity by the subject, to satisfy it. So here is "D.B.W.L."—not only the most formidable humorist of our generation (because there is passion behind the fun) but a student of history whose books are remarkable both for meticulous research and for insight into motive



George Bilainkin.

AT THE COURT OF ST. JAMES'S



H.E. General Miguel Ydígoras, the Guatemalan Minister

IS there another country besides Guatemala, the Republic with seabords on the Atlantic and Pacific, with a budget surplus this year of 7,000,000 dollars? It is unlikely. But then Guatemala can boast, uniquely, of freedom from both internal and external debt. And another proud claim is that rectangular, planned Guatemala City is reputed to be the cleanest capital in the world.

Volcanic and mountainous, possessing exceptionally fertile land, Guatemala is best known

for its high grade of coffee, bananas, sugar and chicle gum, used for the manufacture of chewing gum. It occupies an area of 45,000 square miles (half that of the British Isles), but it should be noted that since the Republic came into existence, in 1839, it has pleaded that the adjoining territory known as British Honduras is also Guatemalan. Two years ago the British Government invited Guatemala to bring the dispute over 63,000 inhabitants and 8876 square miles before the Court of International Justice, and the claim by the 3,500,000 Guatemalans may be heard before long.

HIS EXCELLENCY GENERAL MIGUEL YDÍGORAS, the Minister to Britain since May 1945, possesses an enviable record for travel and study in these isles. He has shown deep interest in British literature, British civilisation and British social progress—at first hand. Thus, last year Ydígoras journeyed to many British towns and cities. He walked unceremoniously into the shops and asked the whereabouts of the factories he desired to study. Without fuss he introduced himself and was shown round Britain's industrial giants. For in Guatemala the mark, "Made in Britain," is still an unquestioned guarantee of superb quality.

More recently Ydígoras was delighted to find, during an official tour organised by the British authorities, a block of 988 civic flats for workers with a volunteer service for washing, drying and ironing the laundry of a family of five—in two hours. There also he saw a special school, shops and facilities for religious worship provided for the dwellers.

"The call of Britain lies in the provinces," says Ydígoras, for he is impressed by the fact that away from big cities the people go to bed early, think of next morning's work. "At ten o'clock they are, many of them, asleep."

YDÍGORAS was born on a coffee plantation 6000 ft. up, and at seven travelled by himself four days in an ancient coach to enter school in Guatemala City. Here he rode, swam, ran, shot. He then topped the entry class in the Military Academy, and headed the leaving class of 125. In 1918, at twenty-three, he travelled to Paris as Military Attaché, stayed on for the Versailles Conference, and returned home as vice-Principal of the Military Academy. He indulged in much flying, but lost his affection for piloting in 1923, when, force-landing in a two-seater biplane in a dangerous volcanic area, he smashed his kneecap. Ydígoras returned for a time to the Army, and later became governor of various provinces.

Next he served as head of the Republic's highways, built bridges and new roads, for six years. Posts as Military Attaché in Washington and in the capital of Guatemala's neighbour, Mexico, followed.

As he surveys his beloved London from a comfortable suite opposite the Chinese, Turkish, Polish and Swedish missions, Ydígoras speaks of the wonders of London and Britain. There is no doubt that in him we have a firm friend.



Viscount Hall, First Lord of the Admiralty, at Admiralty House with Ingenieur-en-Chef C. Lago and Maitre Canonier L. Gourong, of the French Navy, to whom he presented the O.B.E. Admiral of the Fleet Sir John Cunningham is on the right

The First Lord Holds a Reception To Present Medals to Allied Sailors



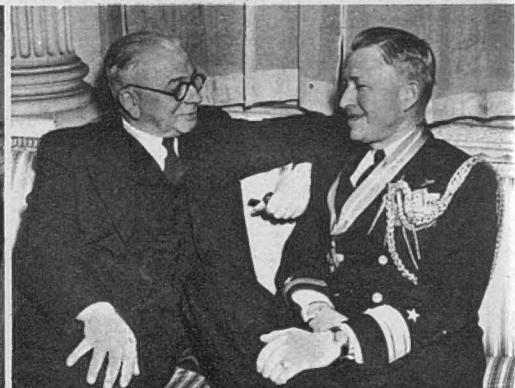
Mr. John Dugdale, Parliamentary Secretary to the Admiralty, Lt.-Cdr. John Brame and Mrs. A. V. Alexander, wife of the Defence Minister



Mrs. Lewis Douglas, wife of the American Ambassador, with Vice-Admiral Sir Douglas Fisher and Lady Fisher



Admiral Sir John Edelsten, Commander of the First Battle Squadron, with Lady Edelsten and Mrs. Casper Swinley



Mr. A. V. Alexander, the Defence Minister, talking to Cdre. Tully Shelley, of the United States Navy, who received the C.B.E.



H.E. Mme. Melas, Mme. Kyris, H.E. Mons. Melas (Greek Ambassador) and Capt. Basil Kyris, C.B.E.



Rear-Admiral L. M. Sala, D.S.O., French Naval Attaché, receives the C.B.E. from Viscount Hall

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Brig. Carstairs, Mr. Reginald Cooper and Sir Montague Burton, who was staying down there with Lady Burton. The Duke of Wellington, I noticed, is also a keen backgammon player, and in the evenings played against Mr. Cooper, another enthusiast.

Lady Ward, the American-born widow of the Hon. Sir John Ward, always beautifully-turned-out, was down there with her faithful brown poodle. She was joined for a few days by her son, Col. Jackie Ward, who is in the Blues and came home from Germany last year. Lady Alistair Innes-Ker also spent a short visit with her. Lord and Lady Colum Crichton-Stuart came down for ten days from their home at Rothesay, in the Isle of Bute, to have a break from the rigours of a Scottish winter. Sir Mathew ("Scatters") Wilson, who was down for several weeks, was enjoying the quiet walks around. He is one of the unfortunate people who suffer from asthma, and so has to be careful of the place where he chooses to stay.

MR. GEORGE HERBERT and his attractive wife had come from Wiltshire, and they were joined by her son, Mr. Peter Saunders, on leave from Woolwich, where he is finishing his military training. Lady Jarvis came down for a short visit from her home in Surrey while Sir John was in Switzerland defending his curling titles. He is a great exponent of the game and won the Jackson Cup for curling in 1937 and '38. Lady Jarvis was accompanied by her elder daughter, who is married to Lord Lyle's son and heir.

Mrs. de Lisle Bush, who has such a lovely house at Chagford, told me she was spending several months in the Imperial, and her son-in-law, Lt.-Gen. Sir Harry Wetherall, and daughter joined her for a few weeks. They were enjoying the mild climate after several years in Ceylon, where he was G.O.C. and then C.-in-C. until 1946.

Others who did not want to travel miles by air and sea for a short change, but who found good cooking, plenty to amuse them, lovely walks among the ilex oaks, numerous places of interest to visit, a mild climate and lovely surroundings in this beautiful corner of England, included Sir Richard and Lady Burton Chadwick, Sir George and Lady Mitcheson, Vicomte and Vicomtesse de la Briere, Sir Donald Horsfall, down from Yorkshire, Professor Hay, who is a busy member of the National Coal Board, accompanied by his wife, and Mr. Warwick Deeping, who was convalescing after a recent illness, also accompanied by his wife, who was always wearing her favourite green.

DEbutante dances for 1948 have already started, although most of them will be taking place after Easter. One of the first was the very enjoyable dance which Major-Gen. and Mrs. Allan Adair gave for their second daughter, Juliet, at their nice house in Green Street. Juliet, who is just seventeen, wore a dress of rainbow-striped taffeta with a white orchid in her hair, while her elder sister, Bridget, who had a dance given for her last year when she made her debut, wore an attractive ivory satin dress with an emerald green velvet sash and shoulder-straps. Mrs. Adair, who is such a delightful hostess, wore a draped grey dress with a gorgeous diamond necklace and diamond earrings and bracelets.

There were many pretty girls at the dance, several of them debutantes of this year, including Lady Moira Hamilton, in bright blue chiffon; the Hon. Charmian Wilson, who looked very attractive in pale blue satin; Miss Gillian Aird, Miss Isobel Haig Thomas, Miss Annabella Kerr, Miss Rosalind Paget and Miss Rachel Brand. Also enjoying this dance, which went on until the small hours of the morning, were Lady Rosemary Churchill, Lady Elizabeth Fitzmaurice in red, Miss Raine McCorquodale in a black crinoline, Miss Sara Birkin and her half-sister, Miss Caroline Hay, and Miss Zoë d'Erlanger, looking very pretty in black taffeta, while the young men included the Hon. Peregrine Fairfax, Mr. Robin Hill, Mr. David Metcalf, the Hon. John Baring, the Hon. Richard Beaumont, Sir Edward McGrigor, Capt. Rupert Jardine, the Hon. Colin Tennant and the Hon. Jeremy Cubitt.

Among hostesses who brought their dinner-parties on to the dance were Freda Lady

Listowel, Lord and Lady Somerleyton, who brought a party of young people, including their son, the Hon. William Crossley, Mrs. Shenley and Mrs. Robert Grimston.

THE lovely drawing-room of their delightful house in Cadogan Square was crowded with young people for the cocktail-party which Mme. Bohn and her daughter, Monique, gave just before Monique sailed with her father in the Queen Elizabeth for a visit to America and Canada. They will be away for about three months. While she is in America, Monique will stay in Washington with the Norwegian Ambassador and Mme. Morganstierne.

Among those who had come to wish them "bon voyage" were Viscount and Viscountess Vaughan, the latter wearing a long feather in her hat and looking very attractive, and Mme. Prebensen and her pretty daughter, Evy. A few days previously Mme. Prebensen had given a dinner-party at the Norwegian Embassy for about twenty-four of her daughter's young friends, who danced informally afterwards, and which I heard from several guests was the greatest fun.

Viscount and Viscountess Erleigh were chatting to Mr. Philip Briant, Miss Venetia Fawcett came with her fiancé, Mr. Michael Worthington, Miss Sonia Graham-Hodgson I saw chatting to Mr. Michael Inchbald, Miss Gina Fox, one of the prettiest of this year's debutantes, was one of the early arrivals, and so were Miss Jean Toilemache, also looking very pretty; Mr. Gavin Welby, who was off to Paris and Switzerland the following day; Capt. Howard Schmidt, of the U.S. Army; Mr. Peter Buchanan and Mr. Patrick Forbes.



Fayer
Miss Una Mary Nepean-Gubbins is the seventeen-year-old daughter of Mr. Hugh Nepean-Gubbins, and Chief Commandant Nepean-Gubbins, Officer Commanding County of London Training Corps, and a niece of Major-Gen. Sir Colin Gubbins, K.C.M.G. She is to make her debut this year

Among others at the party were Archduke Robert of Austria, Mles. Dorina and Donna Gallarati-Scotti, the attractive daughters of the Italian Ambassador; the Hon. Sheila Butler, Mr. Derek Stanley Smith, the Hon. Julian Curzon, the Hon. Mrs. Christopher Emmett and her sister, the Hon. Miriam Fitzalan-Howard; Miss Rose Grimston and her brother, Robert; Miss Beverly Pearson, Lady Elizabeth Lumley and Lord Dunboyne.

IWENT to Covent Garden for the first night of *Scenes de Ballet*, in which Margot Fonteyn danced with her usual brilliance. In the Royal Box with Sir John and Lady Anderson I saw Helen Duchess of Northumberland, Lady



Pearl Freeman

Miss Sheila Cracroft, who is also coming out this year, is the only daughter of Col. and Mrs. H. J. B. Cracroft, D.S.O., the Royal Tank Regt., of Camberley, Surrey. Last year she completed a domestic economy course at Harcombe House, Lyme Regis, Dorset

Colefax and Mr. Alistair Forbes, and on the other side Lady Clark was entertaining a party of friends in her box, including Lord Moore, a great ballet enthusiast. The Countess of Cromer, wearing a lovely red velvet evening coat, was in the stalls with the Earl of Cromer, and near by was Sir Hugh Smiley with his attractive wife wearing one of the new ballet-length off-the-shoulder dresses. Joan Lady Worthington Evans was looking very pretty in black with nice diamond ear-rings. Afterwards I went on to supper in the Savoy Grill, where I found the Earl of Ronaldshay and his very pretty wife up from their home in Bucks and dining in a party of four. Lord Vivian came in with his mother, Nancy Lady Vivian. Mr. Ronald Tree, with his attractive American wife, who wore the first straw hat I have seen this year—a small white bowler trimmed with narrow black lace and an emerald green ribbon—were in a party with Sir Richard and Lady Lettice Cottrill and Brig. Anthony and Lady Dorothea Head.

Viscountess Tarbat, who had also been to the ballet, was looking attractive in black supping with a party of friends, including Mr. and Mrs. George Glossop, and later they were joined by Viscount Tarbat, who had returned the day before from his flying visit to South and East Africa. The Earl of Warwick was in a party with Mr. Jack Dunphee, and Mr. and Mrs. Cosmo Crawley were at another table near by.

THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE spoke exceedingly well at the committee meeting which the Countess of Gowrie held at the Victoria League headquarters in Chesham Place. This was to discuss arrangements for the Royal world première of *The Corridor of Mirrors*, featuring Edana Romney, Eric Portman, Barbara Mullen and Hugh Sinclair, at the Odeon, Leicester Square, on March 11th, when H.M. Queen Mary has graciously consented to be present. This première is being given in aid of the Victoria League, which does so much to welcome Empire visitors to the Mother Country. I have myself met many of these kinsmen and women from the Empire, and they are always high in their praise of all that is done for them by the League.

The Duchess explained in her speech how the League is notified of all men and women from the Empire visiting this country and then gets in touch with them, arranges hospitality, puts them in touch with other visitors from their homeland, helps them over living accommodation and generally tries to make them feel at home. But all this costs money, and the première is being arranged to raise the necessary funds. Tickets are priced from 5 guineas to 10s. 6d., and it is hoped to raise a really bumper sum for this very excellent cause.

The Tara Hunt Ball at Navan



H.E. Dr. Don Juan Oropesa, Venezuelan Ambassador, and his wife at the Dorchester reception they gave to celebrate the inauguration of Sr. Romulo Gallegos as the Venezuelan President for 1948-52

Celebrating Venezuela's New President



Mr. Ernest Bevin, the Foreign Minister, talking to H.E. Dr. F. Berckemeyer, the Peruvian Ambassador



H.E. Lady Maung Gyee, wife of the Burmese Ambassador, and her two daughters



Mme. Guadalupe R. de Bouchez with H.E. Mme. Jimenez O'Farrill, wife of the Mexican Ambassador



Mr. G. A. Reynolds, of the Meath Hunt, Mrs. H. Massey, Mrs. Lanigan O'Keeffe, and Mr. H. Massey, Joint-Master of the Tara. Many members of neighbouring hunts enjoyed the evening



Capt. and Mrs. Dennis Eccles, who are followers of the Meath Hunt



Mrs. Spencer Freeman and Mr. H. Waddington, guests from the Kildare country



G. A. Duncan, Dublin
Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Briscoe, at whose house, Ballinter, the ball was held



KING PAUL OF GREECE, now fully recovered from his serious illness of the early winter, with his daughters, Princess Sophie, aged nine, and Princess Irene, aged five, in the grounds of the Royal Palace at Athens. The King and Queen Frederika have also a son, Crown Prince Constantine, aged seven, and all the children, who have a Scottish nurse and can speak English, are very anxious to visit this country. King Paul succeeded to the throne early last year on the sudden death of his brother, King George II., and though his task has been far from an easy one, with the Army constantly engaged in Northern Greece, he appears to have taken a firm grasp of the reins of State

HUNTING NOTES



AFTER meeting at Cheverell's Green, the Hertfordshire Hounds showed good sport, their first fox giving them a nice seventy minutes' hunt with a five-mile point before he got to ground. Following their appointment at Hudnall Common, a fox from Hill Wood took hounds at racing pace to the Gardens at

Ashridge, and on nearly to the Monument before going back by the Gardens to Coldharbour Farm, near which they rolled him over in the open after a fast 70 minutes.

When they met at Munden, the pack had a busy day in Bricket Wood, where they were running for over two hours. Many foxes were afoot in this notable stronghold, and hounds killed a brace before going home. Incidentally, many seasons have passed since hounds have accounted for a brace at Bricket.

WHEN they met at Hatching Green, the Aldenham Harriers spent a busy day on the farm owned by their joint-Master, Mr. Stanley White, scoring an excellent ninety minutes hunt and killing their hare.

Mr. and Mrs. Farrer welcomed them at Puddephats, Flamstead, when hounds were running all day and were beaten near Flamsteadbury, while when Mr. Eric Blundell entertained them at Redcotes, near Hitchin, they scored a nice hound hunt ending with a kill. Mr. and Mrs. Sandy Motion welcomed a big field, which included Mr. Tim Muxworthy (who hunts the Enfield Chase) and his wife, at the Mymms Hall meet, when the pack spent a good woodland day, while at Cross Farm, Harpenden, a large field were entertained by Mrs. Dickinson and her sons. With plenty of good gallops and jumps, this was an excellent day's hunting.

At Pirton, having accounted for Mr. Lawrie Franklin's waiting hare, hounds later had a capital hunt with a good pilot, and killed her in style. The day at Thrale's End, when Mr. and Mrs. Piggott entertained, was sadly marred by the sudden death in the field of Mr. Frank Brown, just as hounds put up a hare. The pack was stopped and taken home.

THE Whaddon Chase in recent weeks have been entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Barbour at Galley Lane Farm, Great Brickhill, and by Major and Mrs. Digby Whitehead at Wing. In mid-February hounds met at Maynes Hill, where the hospitality of the Master and Mrs. Cecil Drabble was greatly appreciated. Christmas Gorse was the first draw and a fox was away at once. Hounds ran very fast in the direction of Winslow, then swung round and checked near Grandborough village. It may have been the same fox which was roused from Tuckey and, after following the line of the Claydon Brook and skirting Addington Park, was lost near Adstock.

THE Warwickshire hounds killed a fox after a recent meet at Broughton and a few days later ran rather well through, and away from, Wolford Wood over the brook, and away past Lemington and Dunsden, finally making to ground in a straw stack. This was followed by another fair day after a meeting at Lower Quinton.

Our three Masters have consented to hunt the country again next season three days a week, and a bye-day on Wednesdays, thus giving general satisfaction to all concerned in hunting here.

We wish to express our sympathy with Mrs. "Tim" Weatherby, and our sorrow for the loss of an old friend and supporter of the Warwickshire hounds.

MEETING at Gretton recently, the Woodland Pytchley hounds ran out from Harringworth Woods towards the Welland Valley and lost their fox short of the Gretton-Harringworth road after a short hunt. Later they ran nicely from Weldon Rough Park over the Weldon-Benefield road, past Yoke Hill Farm to Spring Wood, and out again in a small circle across Yoke Hill, finally losing their fox in Fermyn Woods Park.



When the Duhallow met at Park House, Charleville, Co. Cork, many Limerick and Tipperary people were there for a run. Above are Capt. G. Brooke, Mrs. L. Lillingston, mother of the Earl of Harrington, Mrs. D. Goodbody, Mrs. Ward Harrison, Mrs. Shelton, Mr. S. Harris and Major Ward Harrison

Two Irish Meets



The Hon. H. G. Wellesley, the trainer, and Mrs. Lysley were two more at the Duhallow meet



Viscount Suirdale, joint-Master of the Tipperary, and the Viscountess at the meet at Knocklofty



Mr. and Mrs. R. Mulcahy and their daughters and (right) Miss Carrigan at the Tipperary meet



Mr. M. Harford and Mrs. MacCarthy at Knocklofty, which is the residence of Viscount Suirdale



Mr. Brian Beeson, Miss Downing, Mr. Peter Beeson, Miss Gillian Roma, Mr. Gordon Needham, Mrs. Beeson, Mrs. Andrew and Mr. Andrew were among the guests at the ball, which, organised by a number of the larger London Rugger clubs, was held at Grosvenor House

Doctors Dine Out



Dr. McElroy, Dr. R. Lindsay-Rea (president of the London Irish Medical Golfing Society, which held the dinner) and Mrs. McElroy



Mr. Douglas Macleod, Dr. Keith Scott (captain of the England team), Mrs. Keith Scott, Mr. Allan Hartley and Mrs. Macleod made up one of the many supper parties



Mrs. Sandys and her husband, Dr. R. J. Sandys, who is an Irish Davis Cup player



Dr. A. A. McConnell, who is an Irish forward, and Miss M. E. D. Dickson

Moyra Fraser, the dancer, and her husband, Major Douglas Sutherland



At a table for two were Mrs. O'Neill and Dr. Kennedy



Mrs. Jamieson, Mr. Jamieson, Mrs. Pearson, Dr. P. F. Cooper (secretary of the Rugby Ball Committee), Mrs. Paul and Mr. Widgery



Dr. Ian Hamilton, Mrs. Ian Hamilton, S/Ldr. Jimmy Walsh, Mrs. Healy and Mr. W. A. Gray



Hazel Terry, who has her first star part as Cecilia Castlevane, the devoted mother, is the youngest member of the famous theatrical family now on the stage. She is a granddaughter of the late Fred Terry and of Julia Neilson, and is also a cousin of John Gielgud, with whom she toured India during the war

"CASTLE ANNA"

Elizabeth Bowen Writes a Play with John Perry

WITH a world-wide reputation as a novelist, Elizabeth Bowen, *The Tatler's* book reviewer, has broken new ground with the play *Castle Anna*, which she has written in collaboration with the Irish playwright John Perry, part author of *Spring Meeting* and *The Last of Summer*. *Castle Anna*, which is now at the Lyric, Hammersmith, has as its central theme a woman's obsession with her

home, and her ruthless and passionate attempt to gain control of it through the rightful heir, her nephew. She is in the end defeated, after a long struggle, by the courage and integrity of her sister-in-law, the boy's mother, who sacrifices her happiness for his sake. The play is presented by the Company of Four, of which John Perry is the administrator, and is directed by Daphne Rye



Moya Nugent (May Carey) and Mr. Bligh (John Wyndham), a young officer stationed near by, discuss the family at Castle Anna



Alan Sinclair as Barnabas Bell, father of Cecilia's lover, and a conscienceless old rascal who loses all his money on horses



Pauline Letts plays Terry Castlevane, whose almost insane obsession for Castle Anna is the play's leading motif.



Photographs by Angus McBean
Hazel Terry as Cecilia Castlevane, after her twenty years' fight for her son's inheritance has alienated her lover



"A bit of Old Chelsea (Bohemian) . . . a pair of female sportuettes . . . an apology to Tompion . . . and a wiggery-pot"

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

[Decorations
by Wysard]

Standing By ...

QUICK on the draw as our Georgian forbears were, perpetually whipping out rapiers, pinking chaps, and wiping their blades elegantly with a handkerchief of Mechlin lace, one wonders vaguely whether any of those Rodomonts would have cared to get fresh with either of two married ladies—British and Luxembourg—recently fighting in the épée contests at the Lansdowne Club. One doubts it, damme.

Most men of honour insulted by women nowadays and forced to call them out prefer pistols, we gather. The point of choosing pistols is that when fired by a fair hand—as Anatole France laughingly observed when his discarded girl-friend seemed likely to shoot him—it's almost invariably the looker-on who gets the lollipop (*dragée*). It is the business of the seconds, when all is prepared on the field of battle, to address a final word not to the principals but to the surrounding mob. Thus:

"When asked 'Ready, Sir (Madam)?', the reply will be, in a ringing voice, 'Yes.' On the order to fire the right arm is quickly raised, the trigger being pulled before the word ' . . . three !' If any of you dopes are anywhere in the county by that time it's your own funeral."

There are of course women who fire deliberately right and left at the rubbernecks, and may easily pip their opponent thereby. The laws of duelling are severe on these tricky babies, we learn from an old hand. For instance, they may be forbidden in future to fight gentlemen formally except with teeth and nails as in Chelsea Bohemian circles.

Arty

Drama-CRITICS are being broken in properly at last, we observe. Not so long ago, if the Little Ashcan Theatre Group produced some vital Central-European offering like *Mud in Clytemnestra's Eye* a hundred yards outside the West End radius, the critic-boys would simply lie supine in their armchairs at the Critics' Circle, sneering. To-day they trot north, south, east, and west, even on wet Sunday nights, to wait on any tiny highbrow group beckoning from the remotest suburb.

Two immediate reasons occur to us: (1) an increasing passion for Art, and (2) the fact that West End managers started cutting down free first-night "hospitality" circa 1930, on the grounds that one sober critic in the stalls is worth five epigrammatic ones in the office; thereby decentralising the racket. A third reason may be that in the more earnest little outlying theatres the actors often outnumber the audience and can easily overpower and eject

them. As most drama-critics (e.g. Sarcey, George Jean Nathan, Walkley) despise audiences this is a stimulating possibility to look forward to, and may ultimately improve their style.

Style! . . . How far most of the boys have still to plod to overtake little Mrs. Dorothy Parker, who once dismissed a new Broadway play in one monumental phrase: "*The Life Beautiful* turned out to be *The Play Lousy*."

Discipline

AFTER the recent Women's Downhill Race at Davos (and remember, gentlemen, ere you curl a lip, that each of them may be somebody's sister) came the Ladies' Compulsory Figures, as was only to be expected. The World's Skating Championship boys know their duty to the Homeland.

Our Davos spies report that the Committee sometimes have trouble with spoilt, petulant English Roses. E.g.:

"Why can't I go downhill with the women?"
"Because you are a lady."

BRIGGS—by Graham



"There, there!—did nasty, cruel Briggsy kick poor little Wuffles, den . . ."

"Can't I just once?"

"Really, Miss Faughaughton—"

(Enter an official of the Welfare Department.)

"Well, Whackstraw?"

"Sir, the women are howling for the downhill path. All pleading has failed, alas."

"Have you arranged for the reclamation of the unhappy winner?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Can you imagine, Whackstraw—can you formulate the merest shadow of a conception that this gently-nurtured product of Heathfield before me—Service people, Whackstraw—actually longs to join the women in their downward swoop?"

"Heavens!"

After a lot of severity and tears you find her in the Ladies' Compulsory Figures, going through the correct evolutions with burning cheeks and downcast eyes, drawing her skirt aside from all undesirable contacts, deaf to raucous laughter from the Women's Quarters, behaving perfectly and hating it, hating it, hating it.

Zest

POLO-FANS fighting a losing battle with Democracy in the *Times* over the preservation of the Hurlingham Club are not yet striking the right note, we observe. The right note occurred to us while watching a thunderous downfield gallop at Meadowbrook, N.Y., during which one of the players took a tremendous swipe and knocked himself out, *womp*.

This we took to be essential to the game. On looking up Kipling's polo story, *The Maltese Cat*—which, a dashing player once assured us in his cups, is stiff with bloomers—we have our doubts even now. Nevertheless if the Hurlingham Committee were to advertise the knock-out as a routine attraction of every chukker, Demos would infallibly rally round them. The public likes a bit of blood with its sport (cf. ice-hockey, dog-racing-cum-bottle-throwing, and first-class Rugger); which maybe explains why the public has never taken to philately in a big way. Although the history of philately is stained with cruelties and crimes, these are furtive and a closely-guarded secret.

Footnote

ONE need hardly add that big stamp-dealers like Harmer and Stanley Gibbon are doing magnificent work in cleaning up the racket. However, Shelley's revelation in *The Cenci* that the incest-motif was purely secondary, and that there would have been no tragedy had Beatrice handed over that surcharged blue Newfoundland to begin with,

shows that evil may still lurk behind that smooth façade. We are now taking you back to the studio, Heaven help you.

Gesture

ONE THOUSAND GUINEAS paid for a Tompion clock at Sotheby's the other day demonstrates once more how difficult it must be for the Progress boys to combine contempt for their predecessors with the continuous paying of stiff prices for their handiwork.

Clocks have an especial message for us. Having viewed a typical clock made by, say, Prince Rupert (that brilliant mechanic), Tompion, Rimbault, Knibb, or any other master-clockmaker of the Age of Elegance, cock an eye over the most expensive type of modern product—electric, above all—and ask yourself what the devil Caliban has to make a song about in 1948. Not much, says you. You're right, cully, says we. And a minor point is that when our predecessors were forced to pay clockmakers they did so gracefully. We once saw the original cheque drawn by Lady Castlemaine on Child's Bank for a watch made by Knibb. It runs:

MR. CHILD—Pray pay to Mr. Knib Watchmaker Ten pound ten shillings, & my Steward Hope shall waite vpon y^u & repay it y^u. I am,

Y^r assur'd friend,
CASTLEMAINE.

To Mr. Child, Goldsmith, at Temple Bar.

April 12: 1689.

There is a blot and a squiggle or two, as if her Ladyship wrote it after dinner and sitting on Charles II's knee; yet observe "Pray pay . . ." A modern cheque says "Pay . . ." It isn't the terror of bankers we've lost, it's terror mixed with good manners.

Macabre

MIZZLING (as Mr. Sponge would say) down Windmill Street, Shaftesbury Avenue, the other day with a chap who knows his London backwards, we were mildly interested when he said, waving a hand: "It must be behind that house over there that Hunter used to dump his corpses."

This was the great surgeon John Hunter (1728-93), in whose honour the Hunterian Society has just held an exhibition. Behind Hunter's Surgical Academy in Windmill Street, apparently, was a deep well into which human bodies sold to Hunter for dissection were thrown when used, despite the neighbours' complaints. The well is presumably built over. The bodies were generally dead before collection, and the resurrection-boys were very clever at extracting what Harley Street calls "cadavers" from their coffins endways with tongs, leaving no burglarious traces. We mention all this because your great-great-grandmother may unwittingly have assisted Science in this way, a matter for sincere pride and thankfulness.

Wiggery

WHETHER the Lord Chancellor, lecturing at the Sorbonne recently on "the British conception of the rule of Law," put across the sacred Island theory that British Law is more just than any other kind we didn't gather. A friend of ours who was once in trouble for libelling one of the Great assured us that nobody should give tongue on this topic without first having been a prisoner on remand. Coo ! Auntie !

Another point his Lordship may or may not have discussed is the superiority of military courts-martial to all other courts, since courts-martial are free from chicanery and proceed by the light of common-sense. This undoubtedly fact drives the wiggy boys crazy with rage, for they deem all soldiers to be wooden-headed morons. Lunching frequently with lawyers but never employing them, by Heaven's grace, we have so far got only one member of the Bar to admit that the decisions of courts-martial are often just, though the procedure is "irregular." "Irregular" means, among other things, that nobody concerned is stinging the suckers for fees and refreshers.

Justice Bridlegoose in Rabelais had a sound idea, maybe. He decided all cases by tossing dice, if you remember.

EMMWOOD'S

WESTMINSTER WARBLERS (NO. 9)

Now that the singing season is over this bird is mournfully building its nest, a large and somewhat bleak structure made almost entirely of scrap iron



The National Defence Duck—or Common Trinity Tern

(Jointhnavæ-Ansæthship)

ADULT MALE: General colour above faintly pink, with ashy-fulvous tufts on the dome of the head and to the rear of the mandibles; beak curved, inclined to russet when roused; body feathers sombre in colour, except in season, when they become very red, white and blue; legs short; feet leathery, more nimble at sea than on land.

HABITS: This doughty little member of the Westminster Warbler family is very often to be seen nowadays poking its little bill into the refuse that abounds in the many Ministries around and about Westminster. The Trinity Tern will best be remembered, however, for its almost perennial nesting in the sub silentio precincts of Whitehall. It seems a pity that

such a useful little bird is in some danger of becoming extinct, for the larger and louder members of its genus apparently derive a certain amount of pleasure in denying to the Defence Duck the many little gewgaws so necessary for its survival. It must be admitted, however, that the abundance of Red Tape, the Trinity Tern's main and very indigestible diet, may also be a factor in this sad state of affairs.

HABITATS: The Defence Duck spends most of its time roosting on one of the many benches that abound in Westminster. Its once noisy chattering is very seldom heard, and though this is a pity, it is understandable, the bird having so little left to chatter about.

Sabretache

Pictures in the Fire

"The Lincoln is just the spin of a coin, in spite of there being no fences, for so much depends upon the draw"



It is obvious that no one can complain that the bookmakers are not doing their best to provide us with diversions over the Spring Double, and are trying to make us forget all those most unpleasant things we read in the papers day in and day out, and hear over the wireless, morning, noon and night. War, strikes, starvation, nudity, at least a brace of murders every day, with aeroplane crashes, railway accidents and burglaries thrown in for good measure.

I observe that some gentlemen are going in for a bit of deep-sea trawling at 8000 ft. and are hopeful of collecting some really extraordinary fish, probably the Great Sea Serpent himself, the last of the dragons, as some do say, that the Blessed St. Patrick cleared out of Ireland. I hope they have more luck than any of us are likely to have in placing them 1, 2, 3 in the Lincoln and National in the way one artist is inviting us to do, offering us really wholesale prices. There is just this little snag in it, however, viz., that he names them and leaves us to take it or leave it. I should say that he was as safe as in church.

How do these strike you: The Lincoln, 20,000 to 1 Legal Mission, Gilgamesh and Toronto; or the National, 20,000 to 1 Serpentine, Halcyon Hours, War Risk? Personally, I do not think I would have it to half-a-crown even if I were allowed to alter it to War Risk, Halcyon Hours, Serpentine; but then I may be a very timid person. Anyway, placing them 1, 2, 3 himself, he is bound to be on velvet even with 2000 to 1 Silver Fame, Some Chicken and Lough Conn. I am sure that we have less chance than those American gentlemen who are going to fish in the Atlantic Ocean somewhere off Bermuda.

Correcting a Misapprehension

As we are talking about the National, and certain to be doing so right up to the "off," a letter I have received from a distinguished correspondent about the mishap to Silver Fame in last year's race invites

comment. My unknown friend says that he thinks that the horse was too far out of his ground to catch Caughoo, even if he had not got into trouble. As to this, I doubt. Caughoo was as nearly down as a toucher at the last one. He was never challenged, and we have all seen them crumple up like a busted toy balloon when they are. This, naturally, must be a matter of pure speculation.

My correspondent also says that he has heard Mr. D. Jackson, who rode Tulyra, blamed for Silver Fame's downfall. I have never heard this suggested, and my little-Irish *vedette*, who planted himself somewhere near the Anchor Bridge, said nothing about it. All he reported was that all of them bar Silver Fame (and, of course, the winner) were dog tired. Any beaten horse is apt to try to stop, especially at an ugly-looking thing like an open ditch. This, I think, is all there is to it in Tulyra's case, and it was not Mr. Jackson's fault in any way.

The Lincolnshire

BELIEVING as I do that this is a far more perilous adventure for the plunger than the National, unless I get information far more definite than anything in "The Book," I shall not even venture a suggestion. In spite of the announcement that Vagabond II. had been retired to the stud, until quite recently he had been accorded a figure in the betting lists, so even if he had run, 9 st. 7 lbs. might not have proved a stopper for such a good one, for I think we ought to remember that in the Cambridgeshire last year, with only 2 lbs. less on his back, he looked definitely dangerous two furlongs from home.

The Lincoln is just the spin of a coin, in spite of there being no fences, for so much depends upon the draw. Last year it was run on the round course; this year, let us hope, it may be run on what is called the straight one, though it is, in fact, not quite straight. I think that all that I have the courage to do is to record such facts as seem to me to be cognate and of possible interest to the venturesome.

No one can know what the going will be like on March 13th, and no one can know until the numbers go up what the draw is. It may be a quagmire again, in which case the obvious thing to do is to ride wide of the top weights. They are making this nice chestnut colt Flexton second favourite to the Frenchman, Clarion III., who may not, incidentally, be the best of the invaders. Many believe that Philadelphie II. is. He is well performed in his own land and won last year's Rosebery Stakes (1½ miles) at Kempton with 8 st. 2 lbs. in bird-liming going. He has got 8 st. 8 lbs. in the Lincoln and, other things being equal, particularly if he has any luck in the draw, he must demand our attention.

Flexton's Record

As to Flexton, he opened his innings last season by winning the Greenham (1 mile) just as he liked from the odds-on favourite, Kingsclere. Four lengths is a definite flogging. He was nowhere in Tudor Minstrel's Guineas any more than the rest of them; he won a 1½-mile race at Worcester after a rough passage; but he again had a bad time when he ran fourth to Mighty Mahratta in the Royal Stakes at Epsom in June; he did not add to his reputation in the Drayton Stakes at Goodwood either, as Royal Commission beat him comfortably and could have given 2 lbs. instead of getting them. He then got a right and left: a mile at Haydock giving a packet to the challenger (and favourite) Request, and the second barrel was the Snow Hill Stakes over the Hunt Cup course at Ascot.

The only other item I think we need worry about is the Heath Handicap—over the Rowley Mile at Newmarket in October, when, giving 11 lbs., Flexton was only half a length behind Glossary. So there we are! He is an honest, hard-working colt, and I feel sure that we should all like to see our friend Beeby pick up the double. If he gets the first leg in, I believe Silver Fame will take care of the second. But frankly I am very afraid of this Frenchman, Philadelphie II.

Oxford and Cambridge Golfers at Practice



Graham Hurst (Rugby and Christ Church), Oxford's captain for 1947-48



W. A. Fraser Macdonald, last year's captain, who is second singles player this year



Frank Tatum (California and Balliol), a U.S. Rhodes Scholar with a scratch handicap



Ted Harker, Oxford's longest hitter, recently demobilised from the R.A.F.

Scoreboard

LAZY

*Let others hunt foxes or treasure
And urge the appropriate ball,
So long as they leave me the pleasure
Of doing just nothing at all;*

*An object whose perfect achievement
And ultimate splendour are caught
By means of a total bereavement
In all that resembles a thought;*

*A state that, according to rumour,
The fakir of India likes,
As (such is his curious humour)
He lowers himself on the spikes;*

*Then, setting the fancy and brain free,
I'll go round St. Andrews in par,
Win races at Epsom and Aintree,
Come out as a Wimbledon star,*

*Twice bowl an invincible bender
That gives Donald Bradman "a pair"—
And all with my feet on
the fender,
The rest of me deep in
a chair.*

CAPT. THE HON. GERVASE GAY-FELLOWES is to ride his dromedary, Gloria Swanson II., at the Viper Valley-Point-to-Point next month. "If any horse will stand for Gertie Fowle-Kennel," he told me, "then me and my dromedary should romp home. So put your shirt on Gloria, but not with my brother Miles." The Captain is very unpopular in the West End, and an execrable host. He is the third son of the fourth Earl of Stonehenge, who collects stop-watches and wears his evening shirt back to front.

I HOIST my old homburg on a walking-stick and whirl it round, anti-clockwise, in honour of Billy Griffith and his 140 in the Second Test at Port of Spain, Trinidad. The more so, because he had to sink his natural urge to knock old Harry out of the ball and play opossum. Six hours at the wicket gave plenty of time for all to get used to each other, and, if I know anything of Billy, the conversation towards the close was intimate and various. By the time the next Test is here, Len Hutton will doubtless be in a position to take on the batting job, which will enable Billy to come out as a bowler.

As a boy at Dulwich, growing tired of wicket-keeping, he put various systems to the test, including a 3-bouncer leg-break which, he asserts, was violently struck and returned to hand via the knee-caps of short-leg. After this, Hugh

Bartlett, his captain then at school as now in Sussex, persuaded him back to wicket-keeping. Apart from his wife and children, no one will be more delighted than his old Dulwich coach, C. S. ("Father") Marriott, who, in 1933, won the Test Match at the Oval against the West Indies by a brilliant exhibition of spin bowling.

THE news from America that two eminent golf professionals had come to blows during a tournament need come as no surprise to those of us who have so often been within an ace of taking the dynamite niblick and smacking an opponent, or partner, an echoer on the bozo. In all the 6,000,000 or so murder stories there is hardly a mention of violent death 'twixt tee and green. Robert Louis Stevenson's *The Pavilion on the Links* scarcely counts, because no golf, in the technical sense, takes place. I do remember one who-dunit golf tale. The victim was a golfer who played alone, owing to his dislike of the other members. Someone borrowed his brassie and filled the head of it with a potent explosive. One stroke was enough. It sent the ball 220 yards on to the green and the player to Elysium.

Golfers, as a class, are a cowardly lot, as they spend half a lifetime playing with people whose guts they loathe. But I do recall a noble Lord walking in from the thirteenth because his opponent, having three strokes in hand, played his ball backwards out of a bunker. This, however, hardly counts, both over seventy and had hangovers.

BEVIL RUDD, who died suddenly in South Africa at the age of only fifty-three, was one of the most wonderful men of his time; because of what he was, even more than what he did; and he did enough. No one, however cynical or world-weary, could leave his presence without feeling happier of heart. No one in these times attracted so large a company of so widely divergent views; and he seemed to understand and to enjoy them all.

He was unconventional but not eccentric, intelligent but not intellectual; an effortless influence. I remember him best at Oxford, just after the last war, burning up the Iffley Road track to win the University quarter-mile in record time; and again, at Queen's Club, winning for Oxford the all-decisive half-mile, by sheer will.

R.C. Robertson Glasgow.



Shooting Folly Bridge, Oxford, are the Dark Blues' Boat Race crew: R. G. B. Faulkner (cox), G. R. W. Gleave (stroke), G. C. Fisk, R. L. Arundel, R. A. Noel, L. S. Williams, A. D. Roue, A. J. R. Purcell and P. N. Brodie



Michael Scholfield (Stowe and Caius), 1948 golf captain for Cambridge



John Weir (Glasgow Academy and Jesus), Cambridge golf secretary for the year



Lionel Gracey (Beaumont and Jesus) won his single for the Light Blues in the Denham match



Val Smyth (Epsom and Clare), who was also in the team in 1947



Roger Wood

Leonide Massine dancing the Farucca in the Sadler's Wells production of "The Three-Cornered Hat"; an illustration from "The Ballet Annual," edited by Arnold L. Haskell (A. and C. Black; 21s.). With its second issue this work of reference achieves indispensability for all interested in the revival of the ballet in Britain. The documentation, the critical and explanatory articles and the illustrations all bear witness to the editor's profound knowledge of his subject and to enthusiastic co-operation by the contributors

Margery Allingham's

Book Reviews

HAD I been told last week that I should sit up most of the night unable to put down a book on the education of women, by a County Education Officer, I should have been mildly apprehensive.

As one whose own school education consisted of a series of two-year experiments separated by almost equal periods of "running wild" (to permit the paralysed subject to recover) until I escaped, at sixteen, to the comparative peace of mere bread-earning by the pen, I have never been able to reflect on the whole difficult business without experiencing faint nausea. But *The Education of Girls* (Faber; 8s. 6d.), by John Newsom, County Education Officer for Hertfordshire, is one of those books by an expert which is also a little work of art by a stylist and a wit.

In beautiful, bright, clear prose Mr. Newsom advances the theory, overlooked by many educationists, that a girl is not a boy. Moreover, he ventures to hint that she will not grow up to be a man, and (this is the revolutionary conclusion) would not be one whit better, happier or more useful if she did.

He is never unmindful of the magnificent pioneer work done by those few great women who, in the last hundred years, have established (even at Cambridge) that the female of the species is not only entitled to any learning she may desire, but perfectly capable of acquiring it; yet he points out that the majority of women, after having prepared, and been prepared, for the careers of their brothers, fly off to get married and embrace an exacting life-work to which those young gentlemen could hardly aspire.

* * *

WITH the most engaging wit and circumspection he avoids the unjust suggestion that women are in any way unsuited to a male education, but points out that, under the present system, many of them are deprived

of enjoying a female one. And his gentle inference that the job of wife, mother, house-keeper, homemaker, treasurer, arbiter of taste and culture, comfort and grace is hardly an inconsiderable one to be picked up on the side and performed in odd half-hours, is as refreshingly realistic as anything I have read for some time.

Of course, in these days of the fifty-fifty marriage, the crèche and the service flat, when entertaining is commercialised and culture out of fashion, it is possible for the married woman to put all but her most essential work out, but the majority dislike having to do this, and, indeed, struggle rather desperately and pathetically not to do so. Mr. Newsom feels for them, and his frank acceptance of the fact, known to every advertisement writer, that the sex which bears the child is, for much of its life, supremely interested in the processes which lead up to that biological conclusion, is comfortingly sane.

This really is a most delightful little book. It is valuable for its pure intellectual entertainment quite apart from its matter, and as for that—if I had fourteen daughters I should move to Hertfordshire at once.

* * *

PERHAPS the worst thing about *Bygone Pleasures of London*, by W. S. Scott (Marsland; 18s.), is that it is such an ideal present that as soon as one takes it

up, it puts one in mind of next month's birthdays.

It is a pretty, well-illustrated book about the smaller spas and tea-gardens of the city in the eighteenth century. In the absence of "charas" and holiday camps our innocent ancestors of the "middle and lower sort" got a great deal of fun out of drinking tea or medicinal waters in the small, privately-owned gardens of taverns and pastry-cooks, or indeed, of any other house where the well water tasted peculiar enough for a chemist to suspect it of healing properties.

From this distance, with the stuffiness of unwashed clothes, the insects and the odours happily out of mind, it all sounds rather nostalgic. There were fireworks and goldfish in Clerkenwell; concerts and cheese-cakes in Marylebone; bowls and archery in Hampstead, and mock sea battles, with real water at Sadler's Wells. All these were served with tea or light wines, formal flower-beds, fountains, hot rolls, shrimps and cake. Doubtless, as in later times, you brought your own romance.

Sometimes the entertainment had a Marx Brothers flavour. There was one completely idiotic place at the southern end of Buckingham Palace Road called Jenny's Whim. It was remarkable first for the utter foolishness of its arrangements and then, for a simple cue for laughter called, frankly enough, *jets d'eau*. These were merely concealed taps which when kicked inadvertently by the stroller, sent a great squirt of cold water over the kicker, his family and the people sitting quietly on the nearest bench.

There were also huge jacks-in-the-box which popped up over the hedges to leer and stick out tongues at the unwary, not to mention partly submerged monsters and mermaids in the artificial lake.

* * *

ROBERT TREDENNICK.

RECORD OF THE WEEK

INTRODUCING a new tenor, Giuseppe di Stefano, making his bow on his first His Master's Voice record, singing in Italian *Lamento di Federico*; *E la Sola Storia* from Cilea's *L'Arlesiana* and *E Lucevan le Stelle* from *Tosca*.

Here is a young Sicilian singer of whom we are bound to hear a great deal more. It is certain that his warm personality and gaiety will qualify him for a great career in international opera.

An anti-Fascist, in 1943 he crossed the border to Switzerland, where he remained until released by the Italian armistice. Once

back in Italy, he studied with Montesanto and made his debut at the Reale, in Rome, in February of last year. Since then he has appeared at the La Scala in Milan, the jumping-off ground for many a famous singer. He is accompanied by an orchestra conducted by Alberto Erede. On this record (H.M.V. DB. 6580) his voice has a beautifully lyrical quality, and he reminds me greatly of Tito Schipa. There is no reason why this twenty-seven-year-old singer should not become one of the great opera stars of the future.

Robert Tredennick.

OOTHER houses thought up other joys. Where King's Cross station stands was a beautifully-laid-out garden where one could drink "waters both

chalebeate and cathartic," and where there was "Proper conveniency, attendance and breakfast, etc." Here they had a couple of distorting mirrors in the banqueting hall just to add to the excitement, and gold and silver fish in a round pond in the garden.

My own preference is for Marylebone Gardens halfway down Marylebone High Street. At its best it was owned by a Mr. Trusler, who believed in fireworks, music and one other secret. He employed Dr. Arne to conduct his orchestra, and Handel heard his own music played there. Dick Turpin kissed Mr. Fountayn's sister there without the formality of an introduction and, when she protested, told her his name "so that she could boast of it." It seems evident that she did, too, but Mr. Trusler's third secret is the one which takes my fancy. In the *Daily Advertiser* of May 6th, 1760, the following appeared:—

Mr. Trusler's daughter begs leave to inform the Nobility and Gentry that she intends to make fruit-tarts during the fruit season; and hopes to give equal satisfaction as with the rich cakes and almond cheese-cakes. The fruit will always be fresh gathered, having great quantities in the garden; and none but loaf sugar used, and the finest Epping butter. Tarts of a twelvepenny size will be made every day from one to three o'clock; and those who want them of larger sizes to fill a dish, are desired to speak for them, and send their dish or the size of it, and the cake shall be made to fit.

The almond cheese-cakes will be always hot at one o'clock as usual; and the rich seed and plum-cakes sent to any part of the town at 2s. 6d. each. Coffee, tea and chocolate at any time of the day; and fine Epping butter may also be had.

Not that one wishes to appear greedy, but could one hire a small time-machine for, say, Sunday afternoons, I think one would have no difficulty in making up a small party . . . ?

Mr. Scott has made an admirable collection of prints, plans and playbills and his little chapters of description, one for each garden, are charming.

A NOTHER illustrated book of particular interest is *The Golden Age of Vienna* (Parrish; 6s.), which is a small volume of what is virtually musical criticism by no less an authority than Hans Gal, the composer, conductor, and historian of music. The fact that it is as highly decorated as a Valentine, and nearly as dainty, is a little misleading but none the less pleasant, and at the price it is a bargain.

At this sad tail-end of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer era it is quite possible to think of the Austrian capital in terms of what one might



F. J. Goodman

Mrs. Derek Verschoyle, who has recently left London for Rome, where her husband is First Secretary to the British Embassy. W/Cdr. Verschoyle, who was Literary Editor of "The Spectator" from 1932 to 1939, joined the R.A.F. at the beginning of the war and served in Bomber Command, Combined Operations Command and Mediterranean Allied Air Forces

call the "Strauss and Mitzi" school and to forget that there, in one glorious half-century, Gluck, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven and Schubert followed each other in glittering succession. The author reminds us very gently of the days of the giants, and the waltzes, the picnics and the sugar plums fade before his more impressive picture.

Despite their serious note, however, there is nothing ponderous about the crisply written essays and a deep affection for the city itself creeps through the argument, lending warmth to the whole. This is a book to buy.

* * * *

Of two or three books of fiction this week, *Memoirs of a Ghost*, by W. G. Stonier (Grey Walls Press; 8s. 6d.), is probably the most outstanding. This is both exactly what it says it is and not quite what it sounds. The author has an essentially modern mind, and a manner which is part surrealist and part Joyce Carey. That is to say, that while it possesses the modern economy of line, it is not of the now-you-see-it, now-you-don't school, of which so many of us are a thought tired.

The story concerns a man who is killed in the London blitz and becomes a ghost. His subsequent fight against the greater death of extinction makes up the tale. He has no religion and neither he nor the reader is bothered by that aspect of the problem; his

sole concern (and ours, for the writing and invention are entirely convincing) is to hang on to any sort of reality. The result is comprehensible nightmare, abominably clever and quite terrifying.

As the first whirlwind delirium of dying gives place to a more or less static condition in which our ghost's chief anxiety is to hide it from the world that he is dead, he has certain adventures. For instance, there is the man who recognises him and who is pleased to employ him and even to attempt to marry him to his daughter; there is the girl who does not believe him when he tells her his secret, and, of course, there are the other ghosts, a secretive, casual, vague society, too oppressed by their own efforts to avoid the drop into nothingness to offer even companionship.

* * *

As in earlier spook stories, this specimen for grown-ups carries its chief thrill on the last page.

Our hero, who by this time has presented us with an exterior which is frighteningly familiar not only among our acquaintances but also, much more alarmingly, within ourselves, is concluding his reflections with a short dissertation on the "vast numbers of ghost stories" which he has read since his death "out of curiosity." "Few convince," he writes. "Who are they, these romantic, disconsolate, and inevitably misty figures? Why don't they speak? Why glide? Why always at night? Why must they ever, creatures without a will, haunt the scene of death or of some crime long forgotten? (I have never revisited the street where I was killed.) Why set out to appal governesses and infants? . . . The Ghost is sufficiently occupied with his own panics and incertitude. I am all for the quiet life. Give me cigarettes, a glass, a comfortable chair, and if you insist, the latest ghost story. Maybe it will seem a fanciful leg-pull designed to flatter readers at my expense. I am not envious of their enjoyment, but I would point out that the real ghost never enters such tales. Rather, he should be looked for nearer home. The clerk who pushes notes through the grille, the woman hawking papers at the corner, the man on the suburban train whose knees touch yours, may be one of us."

So there it is; very good reading. A modern half-joke, thunderingly well done. Come to think of it, I have been feeling a little vague myself lately. I wonder if, in that last attack of 'flu . . . ? Dear me.

MISS MARGERY ALLINGHAM, the novelist, is writing the book reviews until the return of Miss Elizabeth Bowen from her Continental lecture tour.

Winifred Lewis

ON

Fashions

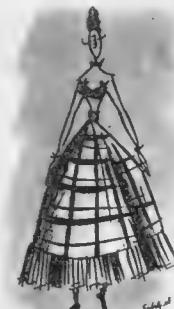
outline of narrow waists and swirling skirts. Paris crowns the short hair-cut with boaters flower- and feather-trimmed; with the new shovel shape—bonnet-like with a forward movement at the front brim—and with diminutive plate-like affairs massed with flowers which perch among a crown of curls.

Shoemakers are adapting their designs to suit the hemline which fluctuates between mid-calf and near-ankle length, in accordance with the taste and courage of the wearer. The ankle-strap style promises to be the most generally favoured. Tie shoes are cut high in the vamp. Generally speaking, designs tend to expose the foot less than those of last season. Wide open toes and sling backs of recent fashion,

though popular, proved to have some serious faults of fitting. Extra cling has been achieved by embracing the foot more easily. The appearance of lightness is maintained with a closer instep and a smaller opening at the toe.

With the disappearance of legs, stocking shades have darkened as if in modesty. The lightest tones give the appearance of a deep sun tan. Even darker shades and the new gunmetal are worn with black.

Dressmaker jewellery is chunky and highly colourful. The deep-cut neckline which was such an emphatic note in the London Collections calls for chokers of pearls, semi-precious stones and three-strand chains with huge clasps which are worn in front.



THEY WERE MARRIED

The "Tatler's" Review



Salmon—Moore

Capt. J. R. Salmon, M.C., R.H.A., son of Mr. and Mrs. Salmon, of Leicester, married Miss Rosemary Jill (Biliee) Moore, only daughter of Lt.-Col. H. D. Moore, D.S.O., M.B.E., and Mrs. Moore, of Broom, Fleet, Hampshire, at the Royal Garrison Church, Aldershot.



Wyatt—Buchanan

Lt. (S.) D. S. Wyatt, Royal Navy, son of G/Capt. and Mrs. S. C. Wyatt, of Shurdington Lodge, Shurdington, near Cheltenham, married Miss Eleanor M. Buchanan, daughter of Capt. and Mrs. Buchanan, of Nether Kirkton, Nielston, Renfrewshire, Scotland.



Ormerod—Holms-Kerr

Surg. Lt. Ian Michael Ormerod, only son of Mr. E. R. Ormerod, F.R.C.S., of Elizabeth Street, S.W.1, married Miss Jean Marian Holms-Kerr, daughter of the late Mr. R. K. Holms-Kerr and of Mrs. John Mansfield, of Stone Cross, Drewsteignton, Devon.



Feeny—Best

Mr. Peter Joseph Feeny, second son of Mr. and Mrs. Gerard Feeny, of Edgbaston, Birmingham, married Miss Anne Pamela Dudley Best, younger daughter of Mr. R. D. Best, and the late Mrs. Best, of Edgbaston, at the Oratory, Edgbaston.



Hague—Nares

Mr. Derek Hague, only son of Sir Harry and Lady Hague, of The Chantry, Elstree, married Mrs. Jane Nares, of Cliveden Place, S.W.1, only daughter of Lt.-Col. Sir Thomas Thompson, Bt., of Machynlleth, Montgomeryshire, and of Mrs. Patrick Crohan.



Morgan—Cowper-Smith

Mr. John David Morgan, younger son of Capt. and Mrs. Noel Morgan, of Down Firs, Hambleton, married Miss Jocelyn Cowper-Smith, daughter of Mrs. Mary Arthur, of Withdean Court, Brighton, at St. Peter's, Preston Park.

Dixon—Penney

Mr. Donald Charles Cassels Dixon, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Dixon, of Quarriston, Heighington, Darlington, married Miss Sarah Penney, daughter of Major-Gen. and Mrs. W. R. Campbell Penney, of Victoria Road, W.8, at St. Saviour's, Walton Street.

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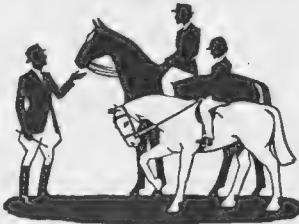
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Here's a beautiful drink to
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I part "Myers,"
½ part Lime Cordial,
Put in tumbler with Ice.
Fill with Ginger Ale.
Stir and serve.

The "Tatler's" Register of ENGAGEMENTS



Pearl Freeman
Miss Patricia May Sackville Hamilton, younger daughter of Major and Mrs. C. S. Hamilton, of Mursley, Buckinghamshire, who is engaged to Lt. D. R. Spooner, Royal Navy, elder son of Capt. L. A. W. Spooner, O.B.E., and Mrs. Spooner, of Beaumaris, Melbourne, Australia



Fayer
Miss Constance Elizabeth Wooldridge, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. E. S. Wooldridge, of West Winds, Weybridge, Surrey, who is to marry Mr. Howard Morton Bibby, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Bibby, of Weatherstones, Neston, Cheshire



Miss Pauline Ailsa Dunkley, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. F. Dunkley, of Marlborough Mansions, Hampstead, N.W.6, who is engaged to Mr. John James Saxby, only son of Mr. J. S. Saxby, of Westbourne Terrace, London, W.2, and Mrs. Saxby, of Sandford, Felpham, Sussex



Miss Joan Emerton Hawkins, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Hawkins, of Uplands Park Road, Enfield, Middlesex, who is engaged to Mr. Robert (Robin) Beatson Miller, second son of the late Mr. T. B. Miller, and of Mrs. Miller, of Stone Cross, Wadhurst, Sussex



Navana
Major John Andrew Comyn, 8th King's Royal Irish Hussars, and Miss Diana Mary Neal, who are engaged to be married. Major Comyn is the elder son of Col. Comyn, C.M.G., D.S.O., and Mrs. Comyn, of Halterworth Lodge, Romsey, Hants., and Miss Neal is the elder daughter of Major and Mrs. A. C. Neal, of Woodlands, Stoke Poges, Bucks.



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Most Beautiful
China*

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Quinisan tablets, taken at the first sign of infection, will successfully ward off colds and 'flu before they have a chance to develop.

Quinisan is made by Howards of Ilford, who recently celebrated their 150th anniversary as makers of high quality pharmaceutical products, including the world-famous Howards' Aspirin.



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(Established 1797)



March

This year Easter falls in March, and Spring brings many inquiries of a happy and eventful nature. "I am delighted to tell you that I am to be married at Easter"—so begins a letter to one of our branch managers. It continues "My solicitors are preparing a marriage settlement and they tell me that I shall need to make a new will, as marriage revokes the existing one. I wonder whether your Trustee Company will act?" Of course the Company will act, as executor or trustee or both. Its officers, while giving the benefits of a specialized service, preserve friendly relations with all those for whom they act.

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Special Dry London Gin.
The Heart of a good Cocktail

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Tanqueray Gordon & Co., Ltd.

Quality
Incomparable

Gordon's
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Where there's
need—there's The
Salvation Army

*JOHN MORRIS MURDERED HIS WIFE

His young children, friendless and alone, were looked after by The Salvation Army during their father's trial. Since his execution, the children have found in a Salvation Army Home the love and care denied them in the squalor and misery of their early years. They are growing up normal, happy children, soon to take their places as useful citizens.

*Only the name is fictitious

GENERAL ALBERT ORSBORN, C.B.E., 101, QUEEN VICTORIA ST., LONDON, E.C.4



Suit in Hounds-tooth check available at best shops March 17th

FREDERICK STARKE
Member of the London Model House Group

Oliver Stewart on FLYING

A FRIEND who went over to Paris the other day in one of Air France's Languedocs was well impressed by the machine. It is not by any means a new design, but it appears to be efficient and—what is remarkable—it meets I.C.A.O. requirements for take-off safety.

In short it looks as if the Air France policy of concentrating on Languedocs and substituting them for Dakotas and other types throughout their services is sound. And that brings up a point which all airline operators ought to take to heart.

It is that one should avoid being too greatly swayed by new manners and modes in commercial aircraft. A good aeroplane remains a good aeroplane even when other more modern types have made their appearance.

The sleek new look of the Constellation is inclined to turn people's heads. It is, without question, a beautiful machine. It shares with the DC-6 the honour of being the finest air liner in production and general use at the moment.

But sound airlines can still be run with other, less novel machines. Dakotas can still do good work: so can Vikings and so, as we now see, can Languedocs. That does not mean that we should not strive to introduce the latest types at the earliest moment. It merely means that we ought not to panic about it.

Bow to I.C.A.O.

If the rumour is true that a recent resignation from the Ministry of Civil Aviation was the sequel to a difference of opinion between a certain distinguished officer and the Minister on the matter of I.C.A.O. requirements,

it would be instructive to know the circumstances. My impression is that Lord Nathan is seeking to bring into force over here all I.C.A.O. recommendations as soon as possible. And that, I am sure, is the right line. Whether we like internationalism or not, we must accept it in aviation. And I.C.A.O. is one of the few sensible, practical and useful international bodies. Its safety requirements are admittedly stiff. They would, if made mandatory, exclude many aeroplanes which might still do useful work.

But it will be better in the end to exclude those aeroplanes and to go over to full I.C.A.O. airworthiness rules. I do not believe in applying for modifications in the rules or even for putting off the date when they are to become obligatory on international lines.

Let British aviation collaborate with I.C.A.O. to the fullest extent even when I.C.A.O.'s recommendations are ones which have been passed against the voting of the British delegation.

Drift Undercarriages

THE manner in which we insist on throwing away good ideas is strangely perverse. If there is a country in the whole world which would benefit from the employment in its personal aircraft of the drift undercarriage, it is the United Kingdom. We simply have not got the space here to lay out immense aerodromes in large numbers. And all that is needed for aircraft fitted with the drift undercarriage is a single runway.

The agricultural acreage that could be saved would be enormous. But in addition there would be better airfield coverage throughout the country. For

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Here at home would-be readers of THE TATLER may meet with difficulties in placing their order; but THE TATLER is also an export. Your friends overseas can be supplied without delay. Subscription rates on application to: The Publisher, Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford Street, London, W.C.I.

it would be relatively easy and relatively cheap for local authorities to set up a single strip runway to serve their towns.

MacLaren's drift undercarriage was invented here and developed here and tested here with complete success. It enables aircraft to be landed across wind in all normal flying conditions. It has been used for cross-wind landings when a gale was blowing. It is the perfect English invention for England; yet America is now doing more work on developing it than we are.

It makes one think that we have abandoned all idea of ever seeing flourishing private flying again. Drift undercarriages put up the cost of an aircraft a little and they also put up the weight. But the saving they effect in airfield construction could be great and obviously the mobility of drift undercarriage aircraft is greater than for aircraft with ordinary undercarriages.

The principle, it may be recalled, is to allow the aircraft to point its nose in a different direction from its undercarriage wheels. Thus it can "crab" along the runway when there is a cross wind and so cancel drift. The wheels of the undercarriage are set at the appropriate angle before the take-off or landing. The drift undercarriage works with both tricycle and bicycle and tail wheel undercarriages.

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H. J. Petty

Mr. Cecil Pashley, M.B.E., A.F.C., at a party given for him by the S. Coast Flying Club, Shoreham, talking to Mr. Francis Haddock, chairman of the Members' Committee

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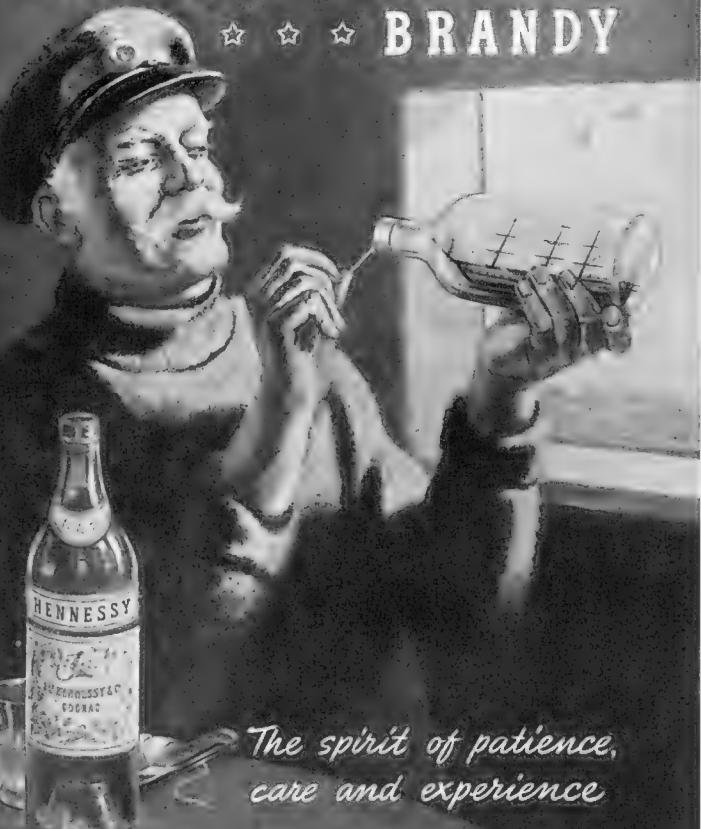
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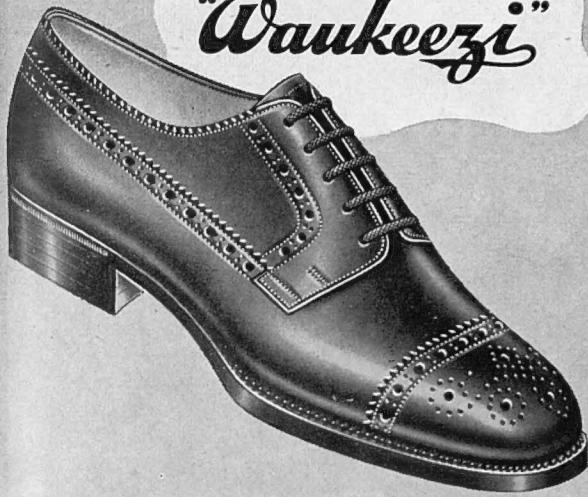
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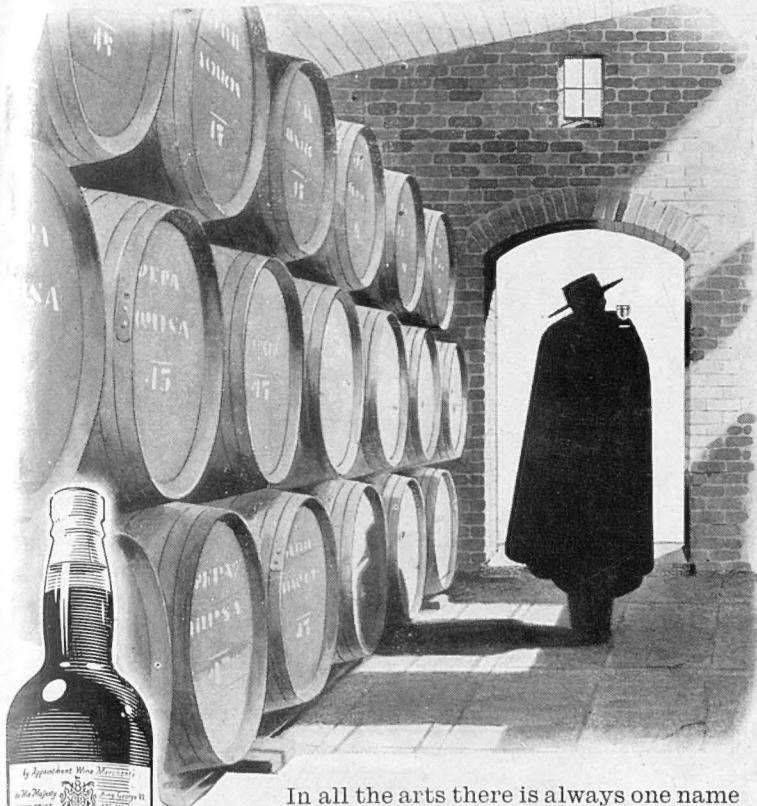
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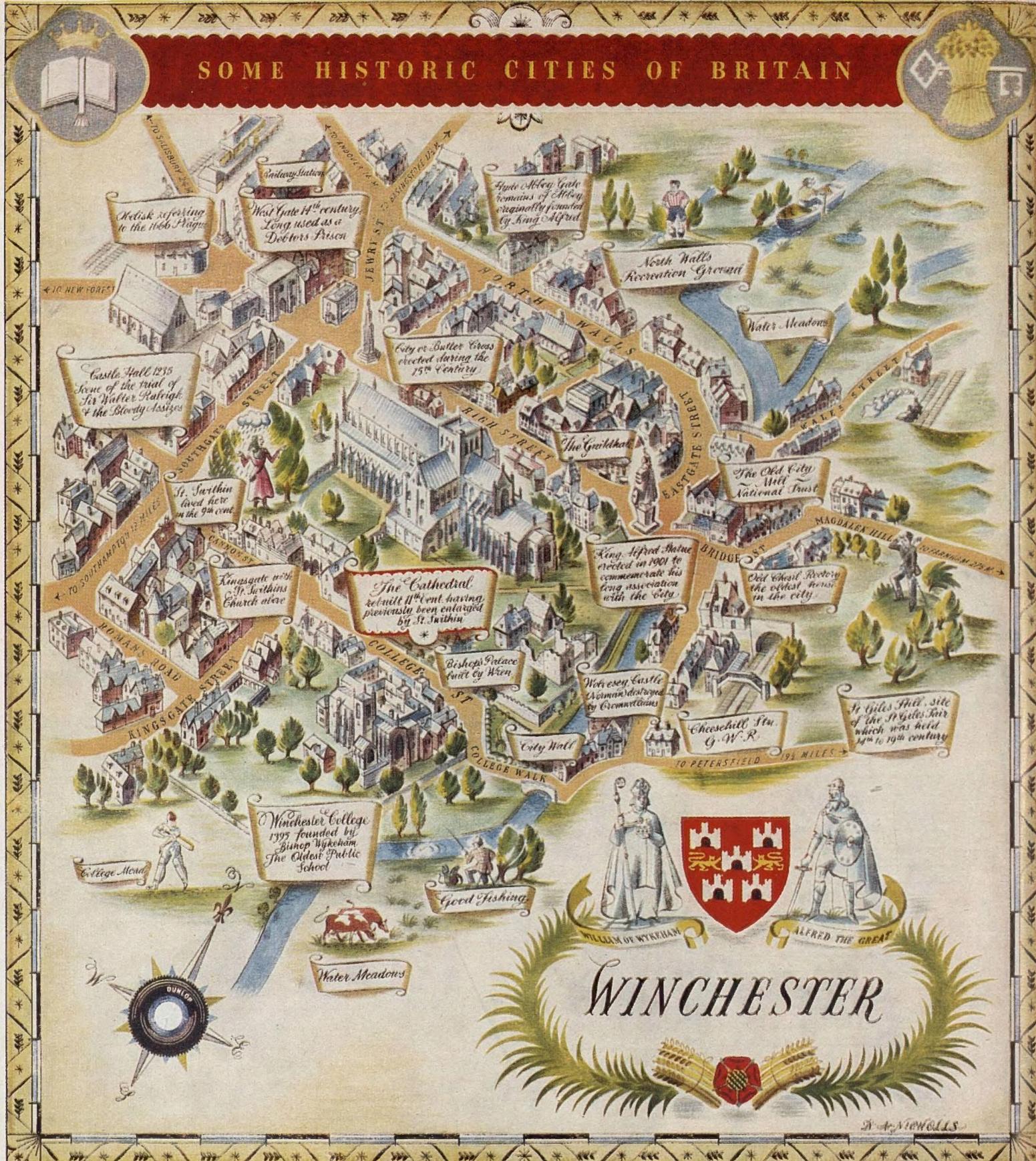


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